

PUBLIC DOMAIN NON-FICTION – SEPTEMBER 2016

Edited by Matt Pierard

Aleppo and Syria

Taming The Arabian Horse

American Birdwatching

President Benjamin Harrison

Archaeology in New Mexico

Trials of Parcels Post

Steamship Tragedies

Laziness Versus Productivity

Precept of Peace

Bees in Hindu Art

Fifteen Years Ago



Aleppo, 1961

Alep'po, a city in North Syria, on the River Koik, in a fine plain 60 miles south-east of Alexandretta, which is its port, and 129 miles N.N.E. of Damascus. It has a circumference of about 7 miles, and consists of the old town and numerous suburbs. Its appearance at a distance is striking, and the houses are well built of stone. On a hill stands the citadel, and at its foot the governor's palace. Previous to 1822 Aleppo contained about 100 mosques, but in that year an earthquake laid the greater part of them in ruins, and destroyed nearly the whole city. The aqueduct built by the Romans is the oldest monument of the town. Among the chief attractions of Aleppo are its gardens, in which the pistachio-nut is extensively cultivated. The branch railway to Hamah from the Beyrout-Damascus line has been continued to Aleppo. Formerly the city was a great centre of trade and manufactures, but the earthquake and other causes have combined greatly to lessen its prosperity. It has still a trade, however, in the products of the country, such as wool, cotton, silk, wax, skins, soap, tobacco, &c., and imports a certain quantity of European manufactures.—Aleppo was a place of considerable importance in very remote times. By the Greeks and Romans it was called Berœa. It was conquered by the Arabs in 638, and its original name Chalybon was then turned into Haleb, whence the Italian form Aleppo. The town was occupied by British troops on 27th Oct., 1918. Its population, 200,000 at the beginning of last century, is now estimated at over 250,000. The language generally spoken is Arabic. The vilayet of Aleppo has a pop. of 1,500,000.

from: Project Gutenberg's The New Gresham Encyclopedia. Vol. 1 Part 1, by Various (1922)

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/34073>

@Syria (Middle East)



Introduction ::Syria

from: The 2010 CIA World Factbook by United States

<https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/35830>

Background:

Following World War I, France acquired a mandate over the northern portion of the former Ottoman Empire province of Syria. The French administered the area as Syria until granting it independence in 1946. The new country lacked political stability, however, and experienced a series of military coups during its first decades. Syria united with Egypt in February 1958 to form the United Arab Republic. In September 1961, the two entities separated, and the Syrian Arab Republic was reestablished. In November 1970, Hafiz al-ASAD, a member of the Socialist Ba'th Party and the minority Alawite sect, seized power in a bloodless coup and brought political stability to the country. In the 1967 Arab-Israeli War, Syria lost the Golan Heights to Israel. During the 1990s, Syria and Israel held occasional peace talks over its return. Following the death of President al-ASAD, his son, Bashar al-ASAD, was approved as president by popular referendum in July 2000. Syrian troops - stationed in Lebanon since 1976 in an ostensible peacekeeping role - were withdrawn in April 2005. During the July-August 2006 conflict between Israel and Hizballah, Syria placed its military forces on alert but did not intervene directly on behalf of its ally Hizballah. In May 2007 Bashar al-ASAD was elected to his second term as president.

Geography :: Syria

Location:



Middle East, bordering the Mediterranean Sea, between Lebanon and Turkey

Geographic coordinates:
35 00 N, 38 00 E

Map references:
Middle East

Area:
Total: 185,180 sq km
Country comparison to the world: 88
Land: 183,630 sq km
Water: 1,550 sq km

Note: includes 1,295 sq km of Israeli-occupied territory

Area - comparative:
slightly larger than North Dakota

Land boundaries:
total: 2,253 km
border countries: Iraq 605 km, Israel 76 km, Jordan 375 km, Lebanon 375 km, Turkey 822 km

Coastline:
193 km

Maritime claims:
territorial sea: 12 nm
contiguous zone: 24 nm

Climate: mostly desert; hot, dry, sunny summers (June to August) and mild, rainy winters (December to February) along coast; cold weather with snow or sleet periodically in Damascus

Terrain: primarily semiarid and desert plateau; narrow coastal plain; mountains in west

Elevation extremes: lowest point: unnamed location near Lake Tiberias -200 m
highest point: Mount Hermon 2,814 m

Natural resources: petroleum, phosphates, chrome and manganese ores, asphalt, iron ore, rock salt, marble, gypsum, hydropower

Land use: arable land: 24.8%
permanent crops: 4.47%
other: 70.73% (2005)

Irrigated land:
13,330 sq km (2003)

Total renewable water resources:
46.1 cu km (1997)

Freshwater withdrawal (domestic/industrial/agricultural): total: 19.95 cu km/yr (3%/2%/95%)
per capita: 1,048 cu m/yr (2000)

Natural hazards: dust storms, sandstorms
Volcanism: Syria's two historically active volcanoes, Es Safa and an Unnamed volcano near the Turkish border have not erupted in centuries

Environment - current issues: deforestation; overgrazing; soil erosion; desertification; water pollution from raw sewage and petroleum refining wastes; inadequate potable water

Environment - international agreements: party to: Biodiversity, Climate Change, Climate Change-Kyoto Protocol, Desertification, Endangered Species, Hazardous Wastes, Ozone Layer Protection, Ship Pollution, Wetlands
Signed, but not ratified: Environmental Modification

Geography - note: there are 41 Israeli settlements and civilian land use sites in the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights (2010 est.)



People ::Syria

Population: 22,198,110 (July 2010 est.)

Country comparison to the world: 51

Note: approximately 19,100 Israeli settlers live in the Golan Heights (2008 est.)

Age structure:

0-14 years: 36.4% (male 4,063,367/female 3,864,099)

15-64 years: 59.9% (male 6,628,644/female 6,406,864)

65 years and over: 3.7% (male 372,172/female 427,832) (2010 est.)

Median age: total: 21.5 years

male: 21.3 years

female: 21.7 years (2010 est.)

Population growth rate: 1.954% (2010 est.)

country comparison to the world: 61

Birth rate: 24.44 births/1,000 population (2010 est.)

country comparison to the world: 67

Death rate: 3.7 deaths/1,000 population (July 2010 est.)

country comparison to the world: 211

Net migration rate: -1.2 migrant(s)/1,000 population

country comparison to the world: 162

Urbanization: urban population: 54% of total population (2008)

rate of urbanization: 3.1% annual rate of change (2005-10 est.)

Sex ratio: at birth: 1.06 male(s)/female

under 15 years: 1.05 male(s)/female

15-64 years: 1.03 male(s)/female

65 years and over: 0.86 male(s)/female

total population: 1.03 male(s)/female (2010 est.)

Infant mortality rate: total: 16.14 deaths/1,000 live births

country comparison to the world: 117

male: 18.55 deaths/1,000 live births

female: 13.57 deaths/1,000 live births (2010 est.)

Life expectancy at birth: total population: 74.46 years

country comparison to the world: 95

male: 72.1 years

female: 76.96 years (2010 est.)

Total fertility rate: 3.02 children born/woman (2010 est.)

country comparison to the world: 65

Nationality: noun: Syrian(s)

adjective: Syrian

Ethnic groups: Arab 90.3%, Kurds, Armenians, and other 9.7%

Religions: Sunni Muslim 74%, other Muslim (includes Alawite, Druze) 16%,

Christian (various denominations) 10%, Jewish (tiny communities in

Damascus, Al Qamishli, and Aleppo)

Languages: Arabic (official); Kurdish, Armenian, Aramaic, Circassian widely understood; French, English somewhat understood

Literacy: definition: age 15 and over can read and write

total population: 79.6%

male: 86%

female: 73.6% (2004 census)

Education expenditures: 4.9% of GDP (2007)

country comparison to the world: 77

Government ::Syria

Country name: conventional long form: Syrian Arab Republic

conventional short form: Syria

local long form: Al Jumhuriyah al Arabiyah as Suriyah

local short form: Suriyah

former: United Arab Republic (with Egypt)

Government type: republic under an authoritarian regime

Capital: name: Damascus

geographic coordinates: 33 30 N, 36 18 E

time difference: UTC+2 (7 hours ahead of Washington, DC during Standard Time)

daylight saving time: +1hr, begins first Friday in April; ends last Friday in October

Administrative divisions: 14 provinces (muhafazat, singular - muhafazah); Al Hasakah, Al Ladhqiyyah (Latakia), Al Qunaytirah, Ar Raqqah, As Suwayda', Dar'a, Dayr az Zawr, Dimashq, Halab, Hamah, Hims, Idlib, Rif Dimashq (Damascus), Tartus

Independence: 17 April 1946 (from League of Nations mandate under French administration)

National holiday: Independence Day, 17 April (1946)

Constitution: 13 March 1973

Legal system: based on a combination of French and Ottoman civil law; Islamic law is used in the family court system; has not accepted compulsory ICJ jurisdiction

Suffrage: 18 years of age; universal

Executive branch: chief of state: President Bashar al-ASAD (since 17 July 2000); Vice President Farouk al-SHARA (since 11 February 2006) oversees foreign policy; Vice President Najah al-ATTAR (since 23 March 2006) oversees cultural policy

Head of government: Prime Minister Muhammad Naji al-UTRI (since 10 September 2003); Deputy Prime Minister for Economic Affairs Abdallah al-DARDARI (since 14 June 2005)

Cabinet: Council of Ministers appointed by the president
(For more information visit the World Leaders website)

Elections: president approved by popular referendum for a second seven-year term (no term limits); referendum last held on 27 May 2007 (next to be held in May 2014); the president appoints the vice presidents, prime minister, and deputy prime ministers

election results: Bashar al-ASAD approved as president; percent of vote - Bashar al-ASAD 97.6%

Legislative branch: unicameral People's Council or Majlis al-Shaab (250 seats; members elected by popular vote to serve four-year terms)

Elections: last held on 22-23 April 2007 (next to be held in 2011)

election results: percent of vote by party - NA; seats by party - NPF 172, independents 78

Judicial branch:

Supreme Judicial Council (appoints and dismisses judges; headed by

the president); national level - Supreme Constitutional Court (adjudicates electoral disputes and rules on constitutionality of laws and decrees; justices appointed for four-year terms by the president); Court of Cassation; Appeals Courts (Appeals Courts represent an intermediate level between the Court of Cassation and local level courts); local level - Magistrate Courts; Courts of First Instance; Juvenile Courts; Customs Courts; specialized courts - Economic Security Courts (hear cases related to economic crimes); Supreme State Security Court (hear cases related to national security); Personal Status Courts (religious; hear cases related to marriage and divorce)

Political parties and leaders:

legal parties: National Progressive Front or NPF [President Bashar al-ASAD, Dr. Suleiman QADDAH] (includes Arab Socialist Renaissance (Ba'th) Party [President Bashar al-ASAD]; Socialist Unionist Democratic Party [Fadlallah Nasr Al-DIN]; Syrian Arab Socialist Union or ASU [Safwan al-QUDSI]; Syrian Communist Party (two branches) [Wissal Farha BAKDASH, Yusuf Rashid FAYSAL]; Syrian Social Nationalist Party [As'ad HARDAN]; Unionist Socialist Party [Fayez ISMAIL])

Opposition parties not legally recognized: Communist Action Party [Fateh al-JAMOUS]; National Democratic Rally [Hasan ABDUL-AZIM, spokesman] (includes five parties - Arab Democratic Socialist Union Party [Hasan ABDUL-AZIM], Arab Socialist Movement, Democratic Ba'th Party [Ibrahim MAKHOS], Democratic People's Party [Riad al TURK], Revolutionary Workers' Party [Abdul Hafez al HAFEZ])

Kurdish parties (considered illegal): Azadi Party [Kheirudin MURAD]; Future Party [Masha'i TAMMO]; Kurdish Democratic Alliance (includes four parties); Kurdish Democratic Front (includes three parties); Yekiti Party [Fu'ad ALEYKO]

other parties: Syrian Democratic Party [Mustafa QALAAJI]

Political pressure groups and leaders:

Arab Human Rights Organization in Syria or AHRO; Damascus Declaration Group (a broad alliance of secular, religious, and Kurdish opposition groups); National Salvation Front (alliance between former Vice President Abd al-Halim KHADDAM and other small opposition groups in exile; formerly included the Syrian Muslim Brotherhood); Syrian Center for Media and Freedom of Expression [Mazin DARWISH]; Syrian Human Rights Organization [Muhanad al-HASANI]; Syrian Human Rights Society or HRAS [Fayez FAWAZ]; Syrian Muslim Brotherhood or SMB [Muhammad Riyad al-SHAQFAH] (operates in exile in London)

International organization participation: ABEDA, AFESD, AMF, CAEU, FAO, G-24, G-77, IAEA, IBRD, ICAO, ICC, ICRM, IDA, IDB, IFAD, IFC, IFRCS, IHO, ILO, IMF, IMO, Interpol, IOC, IPU, ISO, ITSO, ITU, LAS, MIGA, NAM, OAPEC, OIC, UN, UNCTAD, UNESCO, UNIDO, UNRWA, UNWTO, UPU, WCO, WFTU, WHO, WIPO, WMO, WTO (observer)

Flag description: three equal horizontal bands of red (top), white, and black; two small, green, five-pointed stars in a horizontal line centered in the white band; the band colors derive from the Arab Liberation flag and represent oppression (black), overcome through bloody struggle (red), to be replaced by a bright future (white); identical to the former flag of the United Arab Republic (1958-1961) where the two stars represented the constituent states of Syria and Egypt; the current design dates to 1980

note: similar to the flag of Yemen, which has a plain white band, Iraq, which has an Arabic inscription centered in the white band, and that of Egypt, which has a gold Eagle of Saladin centered in the white band

National anthem: name: "Humat ad-Diyar" (Guardians of the Homeland)
lyrics/music: Khalil Mardam BEY/Mohammad Salim FLAYFEL and Ahmad Salim FLAYFEL

note: adopted 1936, restored 1961; between 1958 and 1961, while Syria was a member of the United Arab Republic with Egypt, the country had a different anthem

Economy ::Syria

Economy - overview:

Syrian economic growth slowed to 1.8% in 2009 as the global economic crisis affected oil prices and the economies of Syria's key export partners and sources of investment. Damascus has implemented modest economic reforms in the past few years, including cutting lending interest rates, opening private banks, consolidating all of the multiple exchange rates, raising prices on some subsidized items, most notably gasoline and cement, and establishing the Damascus Stock Exchange - which began operations in 2009. In addition, President ASAD signed legislative decrees to encourage corporate ownership reform, and to allow the Central Bank to issue Treasury bills and bonds for government debt. Nevertheless, the economy remains highly controlled by the government. Long-run economic constraints include declining oil production, high unemployment, rising budget deficits, and increasing pressure on water supplies caused by heavy use in agriculture, rapid population growth, industrial expansion, and water pollution.

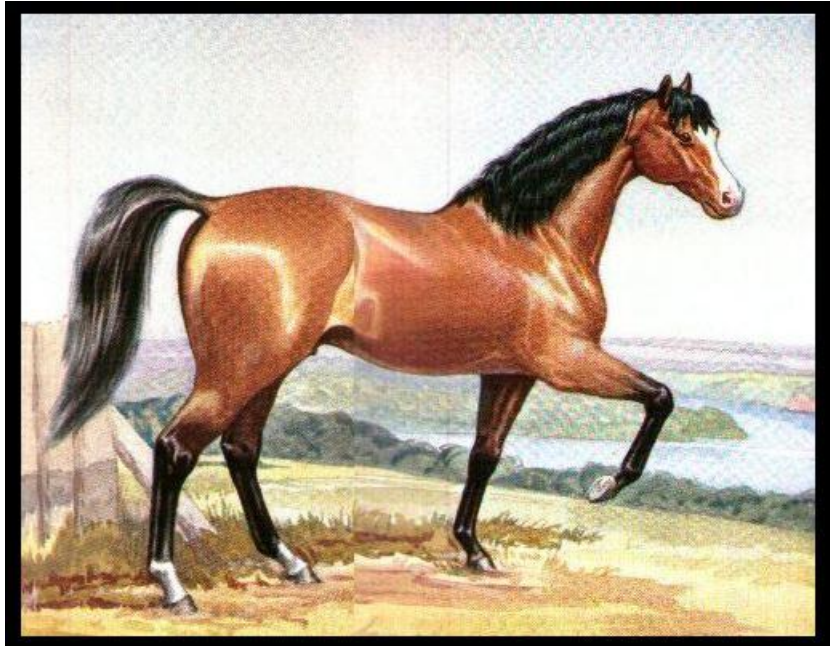
Trafficking in persons: Current situation: Syria is a destination and transit country for women and children trafficked for commercial sexual exploitation and

forced labor; a significant number of women and children in the large and expanding Iraqi refugee community in Syria are reportedly forced into commercial sexual exploitation by Iraqi gangs or, in some cases, their families; women from Indonesia, Sri Lanka, the Philippines, Ethiopia, and Sierra Leone are recruited for work in Syria as domestic servants, but some face conditions of involuntary servitude, including long hours, non-payment of wages, withholding of passports, restrictions on movement, threats, and physical or sexual abuse

tier rating: Tier 2 Watch List - Syria again failed to report any law enforcement efforts to punish trafficking offenses in 2007; in addition, the government did not offer protection services to victims of trafficking and may have arrested, prosecuted, or deported some victims for prostitution or immigration violations; Syria has not ratified the 2000 UN TIP Protocol (2008)

Illicit drugs: a transit point for opiates, hashish, and cocaine bound for regional and Western markets; weak anti-money-laundering controls and bank privatization may leave it vulnerable to money laundering

page last updated on January 20, 2011



THE ARABIAN HORSE-TAMER.

by Byrn, M. Lafayette (Marcus Lafayette), 1826-1903

Published 1869

<https://archive.org/details/magicmirrorart00byrn>

.That obedience to man is a principle in the nature of the horse ; and therefore, to make him obey is not necessary to do violence to him. This disobedience is in fact forced upon him by conduct towards him which does violence to his nature.

That to make him obey, it is only necessary to make him fully comprehend what is required of him.

That he has originally no conception of his own strength or powers ; and, that it is the part of wisdom to keep him in ignorance, which can only be done by mastering him without force ; that is, by kindness.

That, in (he horse, as well as in man, fear is the result of ignorance ; and That, therefore, it is only necessary to accustom him to any object of which he may at first stand in dread, to make him lose the sense of fear. Further,

That the best means of accomplishing this end is to allow him to examine the dreadful object himself. and in the manner most natural to him.

All which amounts to just this : that the horse is an intelligent creature, and that the only way to

develop fully all powers of usefulness to man is to treat him as such, and; to convince him that his master is also his superior and his best friend.

Characteristics of the Horse.

INDICATIONS OF A HORSE'S DISPOSITION.

Along, thin neck indicates a good disposition; contrarywise if it be short and thick. A broad forehead, high between the ears, indicates a very vicious disposition.

THE ARABIAN HORSE-TAMER.

The horse is unlike the dog, the bull, and most other quadrupeds, in two respects, both of which peculiarities run into one tendency. The horse has no weapons of defence, and hence is more dependent than other animals on his sense of smell for protection.

It is remarkable that, unlike other animals, the horse breathes only through his nostrils, and not through his mouth, like the ox and the dog.

Mechanical, Medicinal, Psychological.

Each of these terms is necessary in describing: all that is comprehended in the philosophy of taming and training horses. The horse, like other animals, is controlled by memory and the laws of association. Hence he must be reached through one or each of his external senses — smell, sight, hearing, and feeling, and when they are reached, he may be controlled by mechanical force, and especially by psychology and the laws of association.

**For the mechanical process you will need a strong leather strap, three or four feet in length, with a buckle; also a pole (a fishing-rod)— the longer the better. On the end of the pole you may wind and fasten a small slip of cloth.

'• For the medicinal you will need the oil of rhodium, oil of cummin, or oil of anise-seed. These

should be kept in air-tight phials ready for use. —
Have also in readiness the horse-castor, grated fine.

*' That which partakes of the psychological you will find in your own mind, — your own love, will, and wisdom. If you have little or no instinctive love for the horse, of course you are not the person to control him. Men and women are often found who are said to have the natural gift of controlling the horse ; they love horses from instinct, as it were. The secret in these cases consists in their intense love for the horse. If you love the horse, you will, you can, but know how to make the horse love you. Love in all grades of animals has its appropriate language ; and when this language is addressed to the horse, it excites love, of course. A blow with a whip or club does not come from love, but from combativeness, and it excites combativeness or fear in the horse. If you want to make a horse love you (and you must cause him to love you if you control him), why, of course, you must love him and treat him accordingly.

•'Study the character of your horse, not the nature of horses in general, but of the horse you wish to control. Horses differ in their dispositions as really as men do ; and each one is to be approached, attracted, pleased, and controlled accordingly. — The organs in our way are Fear and Combativeness, and both these functions are excited through the sense of smell. Observe that these objects against which this sense of smell warns the horse differ very much. One object or person may be offensive to one horse, another object to another.

To Catch a Wild Horse.

" If your horse be in the field, he must be cornered;" drive him into a yard, into the corner where he cannot escape. Rub your hand with the oil of cummin, or rhodium ; have your pole, with the small piece of cloth wound on the further end, which must smell also of the oil. *^approach him from the windward, and you may thus attract him, even before he is in the reach of your pole. Proceed gently until you can reach him back with the end of your pole. It is precisely as if your arm were elongated to the length of your pole ; and you

pat him and work and move the [l]ole over his back, gradually and gently approachiisi his head. Aivl thus, by passing the pole up and down his ba.^k, and occasionally carrying the end near his no.-:o, h-i is attracted by the sense of smell, so that you may slowly shorten the distance between you ?v1\q tiia horse, until you can with your hand *r:i'i» a iitt.lti oil of cummin or rhodium on his nose ; and this done, you can with suitable assistance put on the bridlo or halter, and thus secure hioL A failure for a few times should not discourage you ; repeat the process until you succeed. Aud if you fail with oce of the oils, try another. With some horses you may eucceed best by mixing equal parts of the oil of rhodium and anise-seed. A small quantity of the rhodium may be dropped upon the grated castor, after it has been sprinkled upon an apple or a lump of sugar, and giv^h him to eat ; and robbing his nose with either of these oils, and, at the same time, breathing into his nostrils, will often work like a *' charm." But then it should be borne in mind that there is a difference in horses as really as in human beings. Horses that have large caution or fear, it is, of course, much more difficult to control. But the agreeable excitement of the sense of smell overcomes the sense of fear ; and fear once subdued, it enables you to render your sphere agreeable to the horse, so that you may compel him to do your bid-

i- To Make a Horse lie down.

First catch your horse, then .strap the near fore-leg up round the arm of the animal ; lead him about on three legs until he becomes tired or weary ; he will then allow you to handle him anywhere ; then attach a strap with a ring to the off fore-fetlock ; to this ring fasten another strap, which being brought over the horse's back lo the near side, is put through the ring on the off' fore-fetlock ; return the end of the strap to the near side, keeping fast hold, and move the animal on, and pull; he will then be thrown upon his knees, when, after struggling some time, by gentle usage he will lie down. After unloosing the straps, put him through the same process as before, when the horse will lie down whenever required.

Uniformity is necessary in our method. It is by

the repetition, by the constant recurrence of certain motions, words, or actions, that we succeed. Many fail for the want of uniformity in their method. — They are loving and kind by spells ; then they are harsh and cruel. The horse is "impressed," as it is said, with his master's wishes, when those wishes are often and uniformly expressed in motions, words and deeds! If man needs "precept upon precept, line upon line," &c., in order to learn his lessons well, how much more true is this of the horse, which is below man in consciousness and the intellectual faculties.

Plan of Driving the Wildest Horse.

This is easily effected, by fastening up one foot Bend the leg inward, so as to bring the bottom of the hoof neatly up to his body, and slip a strap over the joint, and up, until it is as high as the pastern-joint, at which you must have another small strap, to which the larger one must be fastened, so as to prevent it from slipping down. Your horse now stands on three legs, and you can manage him as you please, for he can neither kick, rear, run, or do anything of a serious nature. This simple operation will convert a vicious horse quicker than any other way.

Teaching a Horse to Pace.

Buckle four pound weight around the ankles of his hind-legs (lead is preferable), ride your horse briskly with those weights upon his ankles, at the same time twitching each rein of the bridle alternately, by this means you will immediately throw him into a pace. After you have trained him in this way to some extent, change your leaded weights for something lighter; leather padding, or something equal to it will answer the purpose ; let him wear these light weights until he is perfectly trained.— This process will make a smooth and easy pacer of any horse.

Horsemanship.

The rider should, in the first place, let the horse know that he is not afraid of him. Before mounting a horse, take the rein into the left hand, draw

it tightly, put the left foot in the stirrup, and raise quickly. When you are seated; press your knees into the saddle, let your leg, from the knee, stand out ; turn your toe in and heel out ; sit upright in your saddle, throw your weight forward, one- third of it in the stirrups, and hold your reins tight. Should your horse scare, you are braced in your saddle, and he cannot throw you.

To Make a Horse Stand.

This lesson is to be first in the stable. Having put your bridle on, drop the reins over his neck, and commence caressing his face, and gently work backward until you take hold of his tail. Hold out to it, and step back till you are to the length of your arm, then gently let his tail fall, and forming a half circle, walk back to the head, all the while repeating, '* Ho, boy !' Pat his face, rub his eyes, and again pass backward, and this time form a complete circle round him, but so near as to keep your hands on him. Continue to enlarge your circle, until you get off as far as the stable will allow. When he will stand still in this way, you can take him out on a lot and go through the same manipulations.

To Make a Horse Set on his Haunches.

First learn the horse to obey you, so that when you say '*Hold!' he will remain still. Then, having learned him to lie down, let him get up on his fore-legs, and then stop him. The horse gets up in this way, and you have only to teach him to hold his position for awhile. It does not strain the horse to set, and you must always use the word "set" in connection with the feat. Also the word "down" when you wish him to fall.

To Make a Horse come down for Mounting

Stand by his side, and stooping down, put up one of his feet, set it as far forward as you can, to make him keep it there ; then take up the other and put it forward as far as you can, not to have him put it up again. Then with a small stick lightly tap him on the back of the leg, near the pastern-joint, first one leg, then the other, he will soon put them a little farther forward, and then you may in the same

way spread out his hind-leg?. Continue this, day after day, until he will come down enough at the word '• Lower.' This trick is easily taught a young horse ; but remember, it injures him to often mount him thus spread out.

To Make a Horse follow you.

Take your horse to the stable, put on a cinch, a bridle with short reins, which may be checked by a little and fastened to the* cinch. Then lead him about a few times, and letting go the bridle, continue to catch him, as you constantly say '•come along.' If he lag, give him a light cut behind with the whip. Continue this until you succeed. Do not forget the element of "love" in this as well as the other feats.

How to Handle Horse's Feet.

Should the colt refuse to have his feet handled he may be made to submit by reproof with the bridle and putting a small strap on the hind hoof; then pull on this strap and bring the foot up ; then at the moment he kicks bring down on the mouth sharply with the bridle. In a short time he will submit to your control unconditionally. The same principle applies to the use of this under all circumstances. It is a means of reproof, and certainly has a powerful effect upon a horse.



Baltimore Oriole

ARRIVAL OF THE BIRDS.

from: *In Bird Land*

by Keyser, Leander Sylvester, 1856-

Published 1894

<https://archive.org/details/inbirdland00key>

HAVE any of my readers kept a record of the arrival of the birds during the spring ? The northward procession of the battalions in feathers is an interesting study. Why do some birds begin their pilgrimage from the south so much earlier than others? What is there in their physical and mental make-up that gives them the northward impulse even before fair weather has come? Do they become homesick for their summer haunts sooner than their fellows? These are questions that are much more easily asked than answered. The size of the bird furnishes no clew to the solution, for some small birds are better able to resist the cold than many larger ones. There is the little black-capped titmouse — a mere mite of a bird — which generally remains in my neighborhood all winter, cheerfully braving the stormiest weather ; while the brown thrasher, fully five times as large, is carefully warming his shins in the sunny south, and will not venture north until the spring has come to stay. Here, too, is Bewick's wren on the first day of April, — with no thought of making an April fool of any one, — while the Baltimore orioles, rose-breasted grossbeaks, and scarlet tanagers, all larger than he,

are tarrying in Georgia and Alabama. There is nothing in the size or color or form of the birds that makes this difference, it is doubtless in the blood.

I have kept a careful memorandum of the arrival of these feathered voyagers (this was during the spring of 1892), and know almost to a certainty the day, and sometimes the hour, when they cast anchor in this port. The winter had been unusually severe, and yet the migration began as early as the twenty-second of February, when the first meadow-larks put in appearance, and sent their wavering shafts of song across the frost-bound fields. They had left only on the last day of December, but had apparently remained away as long as they could. On the same day the killdeer plovers also arrived, making their presence known by their wailing cry. On the twenty-third I heard the *Q-q-o-o-ka-l-e-e-e* of the red-winged blackbirds, and on the morning of the twenty-fourth the first robins dropped from the sky after a "flying trip" in the night from some more southern stopping-place ; but the weather was too cold for them to sing. Yet the song-sparrows and meadow-larks defied the cold with their cheerful melody. While the robin is a very gay and lavish songster, he wants favorable weather for his vocal rehearsals, and a " cold snap " will easily discourage him. He is evidently somewhat of a fair-weather minstrel. It was on February twenty-eighth, a pleasant day, that I caught the first strain of robin melody.

The towhee buntings dropped anchor on the seventh of March, filling the woods with their fine, explosive trills. It was a pleasant day, a sort of oasis in the midst of the stormy weather, and it did not seem inapt to speculate a little as to the thoughts of these birds on their arrival at their old summer haunts, after an absence of four or five months. Was the old brush-heap, where they had built their nest the previous spring, still there? Had the winter storms spared the twig on the sapling where Cock Bunting had sung erstwhile his sweetest trills to his dusky mate ? What if the woodman has cleared away our pleasant corner of the woods?" whispers Mrs. Towhee to her lord as they approach the sequestered spot. How their hearts must bound with joy when they find sapling and brush-heap and

winding woodway all as they had left them in the autumn ! No wonder they are so tuneful ! Even the snow-storms that moan and howl through the woods a few days later cannot wholly repress their exuberant feelings.

On the same date a whole colony of young song, sparrows stopped at this station on their journey northward, although you must remember that quite a number of their elders remained here through the winter. What a twittering these year-old sparrows made in the bushes fringing the woods ! I actually laughed aloud at their crude, tuneless, quasi-musical efforts. They were not in good voice, and, besides, had not yet fully learned the tunes that are sung in sparrowdom, and could not control their vocal chords. They made many sorry and amusing attempts to chant and trill, but their voices would break and catch in the most remarkable ways, now sliding up too high in the scale, now sliding down too low, and now veering too much to one side, so to speak. One tyro, I observed, sang the first part of a run very well, almost as well, in fact, as an adult musician could have sung it ; but when he tried to finish, his voice seemed to fly all to flinders. He made the attempt again and again, but to no purpose. It was a day for which I have cut a notch in the tally-stick of memory. Leaving the company of young vocalists at their rehearsals at the border of the woods, I made my way to a swamp not far off, where a pleasant surprise lay in ambush. Here were no longer found young song-sparrows, but adults, and you should have heard them sing. What a contrast between the crude songs of the young birds and the loud, clear, splendidly intoned and executed trills of these trained musicians !

But I must return to the subject of migration. The fifteenth of March was a raw, blustering day, as its predecessors had been ; but in the woods several fox-sparrows were singing, not their best, of course, but fairly well for such weather. They must have come during the night. But why had they come when the weather was so cold? Most birds wait until there is a bland air- current from the south on which they can ride triumphantly. Had this small band of fox-sparrows followed the example of a well-known American humorist, and gone to

"roughing it"? Strange to say, I saw no more fox-sparrows until the twenty-eighth, when the weather had grown warm. That was also the day on which I saw the first winter wren scudding about in the brush-heaps and wood-piles and perking up his tail in the most approved bantam fashion. It may be a poor joke, but the thought came of its own accord, that if brevity is the soul of wit, this little wren must have a very witty tail; and it really is an amusing appendage, held up at an acute angle with the bird's sloping back.

As I strolled along the edge of the woods on the same day, the fine rhythmic trill of the bush-sparrow reached my ear. He was celebrating his return to this sylvan resort, and his voice was in excellent trim ; the fact is, I never heard him acquit himself quite so well, not even in May. Miss Lucy Larcom, of tender and sacred memory, has happily characterized this triller's song in melodious verse : —

" One syllable, clear and soft
As a raindrop's silvery patter,
Or a tinkling fairy-bell, heard aloft,
In the midst of the merry chatter
Of robin and linnet and wren and jay, —
One syllable oft repeated ;
He has but a word to say,
And of that he will not be cheated."

But why was not the grass-finch, his relative of the fields, in just as good voice when he arrived on the thirty- first? The last two springs this bird had to be on his singing-grounds several days before he recovered his full powers of voice. On the twenty-ninth the phoebe came with his burden of sweet song, and the first of April brought Bewick's wren — sweet-voiced Arion of the suburbs — and the chipping sparrow, whose slender peal of song rang through my study window. Here my record stops for the present year; but by reference to my last year's notes (1891) it appears that Bewick's wren did not then arrive until April tenth, and chippy not until April twelfth. The difference in the seasons is doubtless the primary cause of this divergence in the time of arrival. April brings many other winged pilgrims, — the white-throated and white-crowned sparrows, the thrushes, the orioles, the tanagers,

the cat-birds, the swallows and swifts, and some of the hardier warblers, while the great army of warblers delay their coming till the first and second weeks in May. And all the while we are having bird concerts,, cantatas, oratorios, and opera festivals, mingled with some tragedy and a great deal of comedy, and there are love songs and cradle songs, matins and vespers, and twitterings expressive of every shade and variety of feeling.

I yield to the temptation to add a brief article entitled *^ Watching the Parade," which was published in a New England journal in the summer of 1893, and contains a record of some observations made during the previous spring. By comparison with the preceding part of this chapter, it will indicate the versatile character of bird study in the same season of different years. I shall give it almost verbatim as first published, hoping the rather "free and easy" style will be generously overlooked by critical readers.

Every spring and autumn for many years I have been watching the parade ; not a parade of soldiers, or of civic orders, or even of a menagerie ; but one of far more interest to the naturalist, — the procession of the army in feathers. A wonderful cortege it is, this army in bright array ; and every time you witness it, you add something new to your knowledge of bird life. The last spring has been no exception, although, when the pageant began, I wondered if I should see any new birds or hear any new songs, and even felt a little doubtful about it.

But quite early a new bird was added to my list. It was the blue-winged warbler, which carries about a scientific name big enough to break its dainty back. Just think of calling a tiny bird *Helminthophilus pinus* ! But happily it does not know its own name, and, like some of my readers, would not be able to pronounce it if it did, and therefore no serious harm is done. This bird may be known by the bright olive-green of its back, the pale blue of its wings, the pure yellow of its under parts, and the narrow black line running back through its eye. It seemed to be quite wary, yet I got near enough to see it catch insects on the wing like a wood-pewee, as well as pick them from the leaves of the trees.

The bird student must sometimes let problems go unsolved. For nearly, perhaps quite a week, three or four large, heavy-beaked birds flitted about in several tall tree-tops of the woods, but were so far up that, try as I would, I could not identify them even with my opera-glass. In my small collection of mounted birds there is a female evening gross-beak ; and the tree-top flitters looked more like it than any other bird of my acquaintance. If they were evening grossbeaks, it was a rare find; for these birds are almost unknown in this part of the country, only a few having ever been discovered in this State. Their usual locale is thought to be west of Lake Superior. I was sorely tempted to use a gun, but decided that it was just as well not to know some things as to massacre an innocent bird.

However, other finds were more satisfactory. Strolling through the woods one day, I caught the notes of a bird song that did not sound familiar. Surely it was a vireo's quaint, continuous lay; but which of the vireos could it be ? It was different from any vireo minstrelsy I had ever heard. Peering about in the bushes for the author of those elusive notes, I at length espied a little bird form, and the next moment my glass revealed the blue-headed or solitary vireo. It was the first time I had ever heard this little vocalist sing in the spring, although we have met — he and I — on familiar terms every season for many years. Here is a query : Why was blue-head silent other years, and so tuneful that spring? For he was often heard after that day.

The song was varied and lively, sometimes running high in the scale, and had not that absent-minded air which marks the roundelay of the warbling vireo. It is much more intense and expressive, and some notes are quite like certain runs of the brown thrasher's song. The bird did two other things that were a surprise : he chattered and scolded much like the ruby-crowned kinglet. Then he caught a miller, and, as it was too large to be swallowed whole, placed it under his claws precisely like a chickadee or blue jay, and pulled it to pieces. This was a new trick to me, nor have I ever read, in any of the bird manuals, of his taking

his dinner in this way.

The red-eyed vireo also chanted a little roundel that spring, as he pursued his journey northward, his song being slower in movement and less expressive and varied than that of his cousin just referred to.

Indeed, the procession seemed to be especially musical during that spring. One day, in the last week in April, a new style of music rang out at the border of the woods, and I fairly trembled lest the jolly soloist should scud away before I could identify him ; but he had no intention of making his escape, and giving the credit of his vocal efforts to somebody else in the bird world. At length I got my glass upon him. He proved to be the purple finch, — rosy little Mozart that he was ! For years he has passed through these woods with the vernal procession, but this was the first time he had ever been obliging enough to sing in my hearing. And what a rolling, rollicking, little song it was, just as full of good cheer as bird song could be ! He continued his vocal rehearsal for many minutes on that day, but afterward he and his fellows were as mute as the inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum. A purple finch once sang here in the fall; but the music was quite harsh and squeaking, very different from his springtime melody.

One of the most beautiful birds that have a part in the vernal parade is the rose-breasted grosbeak, — a bird that you will recognize at once by his white-and-black coat and the rosy shield he so bravely bears on his bosom. In his summer home, farther north, I have often heard his vivacious music (this was in northern Indiana) ; but until the past spring he has always been silent as he passed through this neighborhood, save that he would sometimes utter his sharp, metallic Chip, However, on the fourteenth of May two of these grosbeaks sang a most vigorous duet in the grove near my house ; and I wish you could have heard it, for it would have made you almost leap for joy, it was so jolly and rollicksome. At first you may be disposed to think the grosbeak's song much like the robin's, but you will soon find that it is finer in several respects, the tones being clearer and fuller, the utterance more rapid and varied, and the whole

song much more spirited ; and that is saying a good deal, considering Cock Robin's cheery carols. No one should fail to hear this rosy-breasted minstrel, whatever else he may miss. It will make him feel that life is worth living ; that if God made this bird so happy, he must intend that his rational creatures, who are of more value than a bird, should also be cheerful.

Never were the birds so gentle and confiding as they were during that spring. A female redstart took up her residence in my yard for fully a week, flitting about in the trees and grape-arbor, seeking for nits and worms ; and you are to remember that I live in town (though in the outskirts), with many houses and people about, and an electric car whirling along the street every few minutes. A dainty bay-breasted warbler — little witch ! — kept the redstart company, letting me stand beneath the trees on whose lower branches she tilted, and watch her agile movements ; yet one of my bird books declares that the bay-breasted warblers remain in the highest tree-tops of the woods ! Both these birds occasionally uttered a trill.

The goldfinches, too, were very familiar. They came with the procession as far north as my neighborhood, but stopped here for the summer, instead of continuing their pilgrimage. Some of their brothers and sisters remained with me all winter. Within a few feet of my rear door stands a small apple-tree, in whose branches these feathered goldflakes flashed about, and sang their childlike ditties, and one little madam fluttered in the leafy crotches of the twigs, fitting her body into them as if trying to see if they would make good nesting-sites ; the while Sir Goldfinch sang and sang at the top of his voice. Several white-crowned sparrows also came to eat seeds thrown out into the back yard. These handsome sparrows were not shy, but perched on the fence or the trees, and trilled their sweet refrains.



Official portrait of Benjamin Harrison

HARRISON'S ADMINISTRATION, 1889- ----.

from: *History of the United States*, by John Clark Ridpath

Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third President of the United States, was born at North Bend, Ohio, on the 20th of August, 1833. He is a grandson of President William Henry Harrison, and a great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

2. Harrison's early home was on a farm. He was a student at the institution called Farmers' College, for two years. Afterwards, he attended Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and was graduated therefrom in June, 1852. He took in marriage the daughter of Dr. John W. Scott, President of the University. After a course of study, he entered the profession of law, removed to Indianapolis, and established himself in that city. With the outbreak of the war he became a soldier of the Union, and rose to the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Before the close of the war, he was elected Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

3. In the period following the Civil War, General Harrison rose to distinction as a civilian. In 1876 he was the unsuccessful candidate of the Republican party for governor of Indiana. In 1881 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he won the reputation of a leader and statesman. In 1884, his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the Presidency; and in 1888 it was found that he, more than any other, combined in himself all the elements of a successful candidate. The event justified the choice of the party in making him the standard-bearer in the ensuing campaign.

4. General Harrison was inaugurated President on the 4th of March, 1889. His Cabinet appointments were as follows: Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, of Maine; Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, of Minnesota; Secretary of War, Redfield Proctor, of Vermont; Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York; Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker, of Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Interior, John W. Noble, of Missouri; Attorney-General, William H. Miller, of Indiana; and Secretary of Agriculture--the new department--Jeremiah Rusk, of Wisconsin.

[Sidenote: =Affairs in Oklahoma.=]

5. As the more fertile and accessible public lands in the Mississippi valley were gradually taken up, new settlers began to cast envious eyes upon Indian Territory, and especially upon a central region, called Oklahoma, or the "beautiful country," which was supposed to be very fertile. Several illegal attempts were made by bands of adventurers to settle upon these lands, and the military had been employed to eject the "Oklahoma Boomers," as the intruders were called.

6. The Indian title to Oklahoma had gradually been acquired by the United States, and one of the first acts of President Harrison was to issue a proclamation declaring that this region, embracing nearly 3000 square miles, should be thrown open to public settlement at noon of April 22, 1889.

7. As this date approached, settlers to the number of over ten thousand collected and formed camps along the southern boundary of Kansas, and, at the hour named, made a wild race to Oklahoma across the intervening strip of Indian Territory. Towns were started in several localities, and within a few days the region had a population of more than 30,000. Though the country proved somewhat less fertile than had been supposed, the new community continued to grow, and the following year, with greatly enlarged boundaries and a population of 62,000, was organized as the Territory of Oklahoma.

[Sidenote: =Centennial of the Republic.=]

8. Within two months after Harrison's inauguration occurred the CENTENNIAL OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. On the 30th of April, 1789, the Father of his Country had taken the oath of office and entered upon his duties as first President of the United States, and the corresponding date in 1889 was fixed upon for the centennial celebration of the event. The holidays in the metropolis included the 29th and 30th days of April and the 1st day of May. The event drew to New York the largest concourse of people ever seen at one place within the limits of the United States. Fully half a million strangers visited the city and were present at the ceremonies.

[Sidenote: =The Samoan Difficulty.=]

9. The close of the year 1888 and the beginning of 1889 were marked by a dangerous complication between the United States and Germany relative to the Samoan Islands. In order to settle the difficulty, the President of the United States sent three commissioners to Berlin, to confer with the German Government. The result was wholly satisfactory to the United States. The attitude and demand of the American Government in favor of the independence of Samoa, under its native sovereign, were supported by the decision of the commissioners, and the difficulty ended with the recognition of King Malietoa.

[Sidenote: =The Johnstown Inundation.=]

10. The last week of May, 1889, was memorable in the history of our country for the destruction of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. That city lay at the junction of a stream, known as the South Fork, with the Conemaugh River. Several miles up the South Fork some wealthy fishermen had constructed a dam and a reservoir, where the waters had accumulated in an immense volume. The level of the lake was high above the valley and the city. During the last days of May heavy rains fell, and the country was inundated. On the afternoon of the 31st of the month, the dam which held the lake in place was burst asunder, and the deluge of waters poured suddenly down the valley. Everything was swept away by the flood. Johnstown, a manufacturing city, was totally wrecked, and thrown in an indescribable mass against the aqueduct of the Pennsylvania Railway below the town. Here the ruins caught fire, and the wild shrieks of hundreds of miserable victims were heard above the roar of the deluge and the conflagration. The heart of the nation responded quickly to the sufferings of the people, and millions of dollars in money and supplies were poured into the Conemaugh valley to relieve the destitution of those who survived the calamity.

[Sidenote: =The McKinley Bill.=]

11. The work of the fifty-first Congress was marked with much partisan bitterness and excitement. The first question which occupied the attention of the body was the revision of the tariff. On this question the political parties were strongly opposed to each other. The policy of the Republican party, though the platform of 1888 had declared for a revision of the tariff, was favorable to the perpetuation of the protective system as a part of the permanent policy of the Government. The Democrats favored a great reduction in the existing rates of duties, and the ultimate adoption of the principle of free trade. What was known as the McKinley Bill was introduced into Congress, and finally adopted, by which the Republican policy was incorporated as a part of the governmental system. The average rate of import duties

was raised from about forty-seven per cent. to more than fifty-three per cent.; but in a few instances the existing duties were abolished, and in the case of raw sugar a bounty to the producers was provided instead.

[Sidenote: =Counting a Quorum.=]

12. Early in the session a serious difficulty arose in the House of Representatives between the Democrats and the Speaker, Thomas B. Reed, of Maine. The Republican majority in the House was not large, and the minority were easily able in matters of party legislation to break the quorum by refusing to vote. In order to counteract this policy, a new system of rules was reported empowering the Speaker to count the minority as present whether voting or not, and thus to compel a quorum. These rules were violently resisted by the Democrats, and Speaker Reed was denounced by his opponents as an unjust officer. It was under the provision of the new rule that nearly all of the party measures of the fifty-first Congress were adopted.

[Sidenote: =The Force Bill.=]

13. One of the most important of these was the attempt to pass through Congress what was known as the Force Bill, by which it was proposed to transfer the control of the Congressional elections in the States of the Union, from State to National authority. This measure provoked the strongest opposition, part of which arose within the Republican party. In the Senate certain Republicans refused to support the bill, and it was finally laid aside for the consideration of other business.

[Sidenote: =Free Coinage of Silver.=]

14. A third measure was the attempt to restore silver to a perfect equality with gold in the coinage of the country. Since 1874 there had been an increasing difference in the purchasing power of the two money metals of the country. That is, the purchasing power of gold had, in the last fifteen years, risen about fifteen per cent., while the purchasing power of silver had fallen about five per cent. in the markets of the world. One class of theorists, assuming that gold is the only invariable standard of values, insisted that this difference in the purchasing power of the two metals had risen wholly from a depreciation in the price of silver; while the opposing class argued that the difference had arisen most largely from an increase in the purchasing power of gold, and that equal legislation and equal favor shown to the two money metals would bring them to par, the one with the other, and keep them in that relation in the markets of the world.

15. The advocates of free coinage claimed that the laws discriminating against silver and in favor of gold were impolitic, unjust, and

un-American. They urged that the free coinage of silver would be of vast advantage to the financial interests of the country. This view, however, was strongly opposed by the money centers and by the fund-holding classes, to whom the payment of all debts according to the highest standard of value--that is, in gold only--was a fundamental principle. A bill for the free coinage of silver was passed by the Senate, but rejected by the House, and the question was handed over to the next Congress.

[Sidenote: =Idaho and Wyoming.=]

16. This Congress passed the necessary acts for the admission of Idaho and Wyoming as the forty-third and forty-fourth States respectively. Idaho was admitted with a population of 84,385, on the 3d of July, 1890; while on the 10th of the same month 60,705 souls were added to the Union with the State of Wyoming.

[Sidenote: =The Eleventh Census.=]

17. The Eleventh Decennial Census of the United States was taken in June, 1890. Its results indicated that the population of the country had increased to 62,622,250, exclusive of Indians not taxed, and whites in Alaska and Indian Territory. These swell the grand total to about 63,000,000 souls. Indiana was found to contain 2,195,404 inhabitants, and to include, near the hamlet of Westport in Decatur County, the center of population of the United States.

[Sidenote: =Death of General Sheridan.=]

18. Meanwhile three other great leaders of the Civil War passed away by death. On the 5th of August, 1888, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, at that time Commander-in-chief of the American army, died at his home in Nonquitt, Massachusetts. Few other generals of the Union army had won greater admiration and higher honors. He was in many senses a model soldier, and his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven was the occasion of great grief throughout the country.

[Sidenote: =Death of General Sherman.=]

19. Still more conspicuous was the fall of General William T. Sherman. Among the Union commanders in the great Civil War he stood easily next to Grant in greatness and reputation. In vast and varied abilities, particularly in military accomplishment, he was perhaps superior to all. Born in 1820, he reached the mature age of seventy-one, and died at his home in New York on the 14th day of February, 1891. The event produced a profound impression. Sherman, more than any other great military captain of his time, had shunned and put aside political ambition. Of his sterling patriotism there was never a doubt. As to his

wonderful abilities, all men were agreed. His remains were taken under escort from New York to St. Louis, where they were deposited in the family burying grounds in Mount Calvary cemetery.

[Sidenote: =Death of General Johnston.=]

20. After the death of General Sherman, only two commanders of the first class remained on the stage of action from the great Civil War--both Confederates. These were Generals Joseph E. Johnston and James Longstreet. The former of these was destined to follow his rival and conqueror at an early day to the land of rest. General Johnston, who had been an honorary pall bearer at the funeral of Sherman, contracted a heavy cold on that occasion, which resulted in his death on the 20th of February, 1891, at his home in Washington City. General Johnston was in his eighty-third year at the time of his decease. Among the Confederate commanders none were his superiors, with the single exception of Lee. After the close of the war, his conduct had been of a kind to win the confidence of Union men; and at the time of his death he was held in almost universal honor.

[Sidenote: =The New Orleans Massacre.=]

21. In February of 1891 a serious event occurred in the city of New Orleans. There existed in that metropolis a secret social organization among the Italians, known as the Mafia Society. The principles of the brotherhood involved mutual protection and even the law of revenge against enemies. Several breaks occurred between members of the society and the police authorities of the city, and the latter, by arrest and prosecution, incurred the dislike and hatred of the former. The difficulty grew until at length Captain David C. Hennessey, chief of the police, was assassinated by some secret murderer or murderers, who for the time escaped detection. It was believed, however, that the Mafia Society was at the bottom of the assassination, and several members of the brotherhood were arrested under the charge of murder.

22. A trial followed, and the circumstances tended to establish the guilt of the prisoners. But the proof was not positive, and the first three of those on trial were acquitted. A great excitement followed this decision, and charges were published that the jury had been bribed or terrorized with threats into making a false verdict. On the following day a public meeting was called, and a great crowd gathered around the statue of Henry Clay, standing in one of the public squares. Speeches were made. A mob was organized and directed against the jail where the Italian prisoners were confined. The jail was entered by force. The prisoners were driven from their cells, and nine of them were shot to death in the court of the prison. Two others were dragged forth and hanged. Nor can it be doubted that the innocent as well as the guilty suffered in the slaughter.

23. The event was followed by intense public excitement. The affair became of national, and then of international, importance. The Italian minister, Baron Fava, at Washington, entered his solemn protest against the killing of his countrymen, and the American Secretary of State communicated with King Humbert on the subject. The Italian societies in other American cities passed angry resolutions against the destruction of their fellow-countrymen by the mob; and the newspapers of the country teemed with discussions of the subject. Threats of war were heard between Italy and the United States; but the more thoughtful looked with confidence to the settlement of the question by peaceable means.



Tyuonyi

from: *Frijoles: A Hidden Valley in the New World*, by Jerome William Hendron (1946)

Could one be so bold as to say that the Moslem Invasion of Spain in the eighth century A.D. took place after the first occupation of the Rio Grande Valley by prehistoric Indians? Archæologists, who tell us stories based on the remains of things they have found, broken pottery mostly, say that Indians might have known the Rio Grande before this time. We believe that they have occupied it continuously since about the eleventh century A.D.

Drought seems to have always been one of the main controlling factors in the migrations of Southwestern Indians. The study of tree-rings tells us this. By matching ring patterns formed by the annual growth of certain kinds of trees, pines chiefly, archæologists are able to determine the years in which age-old timbers were cut. Those they are interested in are the ones used by prehistoric Indians long years ago for building roofs on their houses. So naturally, if an Indian had cut a tree down with a stone axe and laid it across the walls of his house, then the year that the tree was cut would correspond to the approximate time his house was built and occupied. Indians did not cut timbers until they were ready to use them. Felling timbers with crude stone axes was somewhat of a chore. Old beams from houses show that long periods of drought reigned in the Southwest. It is thought that these dry spells caused Indian families to leave their homes and seek new lands for settlement and cultivation.

Such a condition seems to have existed in the entire San Juan area of northwestern New Mexico, northeastern Arizona and southwestern Colorado. The greatest of the large centers of Indian population, which may have numbered hundreds or even thousands of people, were the towns of Chaco Canyon in northwestern New Mexico and the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings in southwestern Colorado. Many of these towns, it seems, were abandoned when the great drought was at its height between 1276-1299, a period of twenty-three years. And so we find shifts in population. It is believed that some of these shifts were toward the Valley of the Rio Grande.

Before this time small individual groups or migrant bands took to wandering. Other Indians could have remained even after the time of the twenty-three year drought period, dreading to leave their homes as we would ours today. No, there was no great exodus of population. The people from the great towns in the west did not move out all at one time and completely abandon their homes and desiccated lands. They moved out in small bands, or even families. In some way, a traveler might have reported high mountain ranges, water and fertile lands to the east—the next best to the places they knew as home which they and their ancestors had occupied for hundreds of years.

It is possible that even in the 1000's A.D., small groups pushed out over dry desert wastes, following sandy arroyo beds—thought of water ever paramount. They were people struggling again for existence. Some likely stopped along the way and built temporary homes. They broke pottery vessels which they had brought along. The archæologist found some of the broken pieces nine hundred years later to help tell the story. Whether these migrant bands had a goal or not is questionable but the Valley of the Rio Grande was finally reached and scant evidence of these early people has been found. More and more Indians moved out of the San Juan area and drifted in a southeasterly direction. Some clung to the valleys, others took to the mountains, but all settled in the general locality where we find most of our colorful and picturesque Indian Pueblos so well-known the world over—northern New Mexico.

It is evident that by constant roaming, and penetrating unknown and fascinating country, some of these primitive Indians stumbled into the deep valleys and upon the high forested mesa tops of the Pajarito Plateau, about twenty miles west of the present city of Santa Fe. The spot on which Santa Fe is located was then nothing but arid mesa land and low foothills ascending to the Sangre de Cristo Range of Mountains. Four things were paramount in the minds of these primitive people. They were water, food, protective shelter and clothing. These were the things the Pajarito offered. Anyone journeying through the deep canyons and over the high mesa tops today could easily see why prehistoric Indians settled here.

For centuries the wind pounded tiny sharp particles against cliff surfaces. It whipped up close to the ground and hollowed out shallow caves. Very likely, these places were not large enough for Indians to crawl in out of the weather but the cliff composition was so soft that these natural caves could easily be made larger. A crude stone of basalt with a sharp edge made a perfect hand axe. Indian men hacked out caves large enough for a little family group to enter. Rain and cold created the necessity for heat. Drills of wood were used to start fires in these crude cave dwellings. Fires made them warm—suffocatingly so. There was no way for the smoke to escape except through a wide front opening. This lack of ventilation created a very serious problem for the early cave dweller on the Pajarito Plateau.

There were other Indians who preferred to build their homes on the high mesas during these early times. Adobe was used almost exclusively to build the low walls of rooms. Some bedded small stones into the walls before they were dry. This helped to hold them together. Others preferred to use larger stone, picked up at random, in building their house walls. The adobe huts were undoubtedly unsatisfactory because of their low resistance to weather. Since older styles of pottery have been found in the ruins of these houses, it is logical to suppose that Indians migrating onto the Pajarito built adobe houses first. Later they dug themselves out homes in the cliffs which gave them greater protection from the weather and from any invaders.

In this wilderness a mule deer could have fed in a little valley or drunk from a creek. This would mean food for the entire family or group if a crude arrow would hit its mark. Small razor-sharp fleshers of chalcedony or basalt were used to remove the hide from the carcass. The hide could be used for making clothing or moccasins. Some of the smaller bones might have been used as drills and awls until better ones could be obtained. A flock of wild turkeys would have solved this problem. Turkey bones made excellent awls. Just what the people used for arrow points during these early times is questionable. Maybe they brought them along from the west. They could have used chipped chalcedony or basalt which was readily found, and quite common in this area. An occasional nodule of black volcanic glass, called obsidian, washed down the creek and was found bedded in its soft sandy bottom. Obsidian might have been more popular during later times as the early dweller in this country may not have discovered the ledges of black glass immediately upon his arrival. Such could have been life on the Pajarito Plateau eight hundred years ago.

More groups of people came in. Hand-hewn caves could have dotted the soft workable walls of every canyon which would support human life. The well-known canyon of today, the Frijoles, was one such place. The lower part of the valley formed a sort of a bulb for about two miles. Its sheer cliffs on the north side rose to terrific heights. And throughout

the countless years, as boulders and dust fell from the cliffs, a talus slope or base had formed. A little river, the Rito de Los Frijoles, ran for seventeen miles from its source in the high mountains to the west and emptied into the Rio Grande. This Canyon was the best in the entire Pajarito—the most coveted of all habitable places. The water supply was apparently constant and the valley was broad and open at the lower end, most suitable for agriculture. The floor was densely covered with growths of scrub oak, piñon and pine. This was all that primitive groups needed for successful living. And so we find that some of these wandering Indians from a world a hundred miles to the west, which was to become a thing of the past, penetrated the Valley of the Frijoles over eight hundred years ago. But Frijoles Canyon was not the only place occupied. There were other canyons nearby. There was plenty of room for all. But was there enough water in these other canyons?

Indian families cut their crude shelters deep enough for occupation by several individuals. Caves were uncomfortable, but certainly better than no shelter at all. This was a strange sort of stone which nature had provided. It was very poor to build with, thought the Indian. It was soft and bulky. But years of living would eventually solve the problem. Why worry about it! In time necessity would produce some means of shelter more satisfactory. Later on, more people moved into the area. These people occupied adjacent canyons and mesas as well as Frijoles. During many years population increased and the dwellers on the Pajarito became settled in their locality.

There is no way of telling how many Indians lived in the Valley of the Frijoles during very early times—close to water and well protected. Indians could sit at the openings of their cave homes above the talus slope and see for great distances up and down the Canyon. And it was safe. No jealous enemy lurking above could roll a boulder down on them. Their cave was their protection. But caves were not adequate as homes. Fires could not be built inside without smoking out its occupants. Something better had to replace them. This new soft rock certainly was not suitable for building walls or at least these simple valley folk did not know how to use it. Crude mud huts were erected at the base of the cliff at the same time that caves were occupied as home sites. Mud was all they could find for building walls. It took lots of water to make mud and then it was so soft and crumbly that the little walls cracked and fell when they dried out.

Soon it was found that by picking up small stones and packing them into the soft mud as temper the walls would stand longer. Larger rocks and less mud made better walls and saved a lot of toil and unnecessary labor. There were many rocks to be picked up at random. Walls were raised high enough for the Indian to stand upright inside the rooms. Sharp stone axes of basalt were used to fell small trees which were laid over the tops of walls for the support of the roofs. The blunt ends of

the timbers were inserted in holes gouged out of the cliff. Brush and grass were placed over them; thick mud coats were smeared over the top. Holes were cut in the roofs. Fires were built and the smoke could escape through these holes. How much better this than a cave! These tiny rooms were stuffy and smoky inside but not as unpleasant as a cave room. An Indian would soon suffocate inside a cave. During the rainy seasons the roofs leaked and great quantities of mud were stirred up and spread over the top and smoothed down flat. The women could always find more when that washed off. In time weeds and wild grasses took root in these dirt roofs.

But somewhere, somehow, not at Tyuonyi perhaps, but in some nearby valley or on some high mesa top at one of a hundred colony sites, Indian neighbors found that still larger chunks of tuff could be used for building blocks. This would save much labor. So much mud in a wall would not be necessary. It is possible that this use of larger building stones was not a matter of independent origin at any one of many primitive villages on the high mesas and in the deep canyons of the Pajarito. Indians, after years and years of living, simply came into the use of larger building blocks by the trial and error method. They served the purpose better. A dry spell or so, when it did not rain, might have made it necessary to transport more and more water in urns from water holes or nearby streams. This was women's work and hard work too. And more stone and less mud made stronger walls for houses anyway. Some of the stone was so soft that it could be shaped into blocks to fit into the walls. These blocks did not lay absolutely flat because their surfaces were irregular. Small stones were forced between the cracks and when the mud mortar dried the walls were solid. This practice went on for years and years. Indians experimented with all the materials at their disposal. They could not send an order to the Gods for building materials.

Everywhere on the Pajarito are seen the remains of homes belonging to this period of occupation. There are hundreds of them—small family houses, in deep canyons or in a forest on high mesa tops. Debris has filled them up and today they look like piles of rock. Building blocks are strewn all over the surface. Most of the blocks had been picked up at random after they had been carved by nature. Others were square or rectangular, showing that they had been fashioned by Indian hands.

The Indians who lived in the Valley of the Frijoles communicated with the other groups who lived in deep canyons to the south and to the north. They visited each other and even traded back and forth. Little colonies were formed when one, two, three or four families lived together in a house with several rooms. But the time was to come when this living all over the country would stop; people would come together to live in communities. And the little colony sites would be abandoned forever for the archæologist to discover centuries later.

A touchy subject is that of linguistics. It is a tricky one. But students know that five different languages are spoken among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico today. They are: Tiwa, Tewa, Towa, Keres, and Zuni. To be on the safe side, one should not touch too heavily upon languages spoken by Indians, especially in a writing of this kind. But languages and dialects do play an important part in our story. When those early people drifted from Chaco Canyon and Mesa Verde toward the Rio Grande, they spoke a language. But, it is unknown. Students have ideas, but are reluctant to advance opinions based on the ruins they excavate or the artifacts they discover. But, two groups of Indians speaking different languages drifted onto the Pajarito. People speaking different languages have never gotten along well together even from the Tower of Babel until the present time.

It has been mentioned before that Keres-speaking Indians have a legend that long years ago a treaty or contract was made between their ancestors and Tewa-speaking people. It is said that certain loosely defined ranges of territory were to belong to each of the two groups. The meeting place or the place where the treaty was made was called "Tyuonyi." "Tyuonyi" means "place of treaty." Thus the dividing line between Tewa and Keres lands became sharply defined by what is now known as "Frijoles Canyon." But how long was such a treaty to last among primitive people? All the lands to the south of Frijoles Canyon were supposedly Keres and those to the north were Tewa. After this treaty was made, Indians probably spread out on each side of the Canyon like the parting of the waters of the Red Sea. Small house sites dotted the mesas and canyons on both sides. But still, members of both groups could possibly have lived here together. Legend hints at this.

As time went on more houses sprang up at the base of the north cliff and crude pueblos were erected on the floor of the Canyon. Kivas or ceremonial chambers were dug out of the valley floor and lined with walls of rock. Indians gathered cobble stone because they might not have known how to cut blocks during these early times with which to lay masonry walls. They gathered thousands of them and built their kiva walls eight or ten feet thick. This was their attempt to utilize the pieces of crudely shaped felsite or volcanic ash. They laid huge timbers fifteen or more inches in diameter across the walls of their large underground chambers. Then smaller poles of pine were cut and laid on top of the large vigas. Splittings were hacked from down trees. Pine, cottonwood, juniper, piñon—anything that would split easily with crude stone implements—were used for the next roof course. Then brush and grass and mud were put on top. The roofs must have been two or more feet thick but little did the Indians realize that the tremendous weight might crack the big timbers after they dried out. How ingenious were these Indians in their simple way!

Many a moon passed. Many houses were built. Jealousy might have arisen between these two groups of Indians. Who was to raise corn on this or that little patch of fertile ground? Who should have a right to hunt deer and turkey in the Valley of the Frijoles? How could Keres-speaking people go to Tewa kivas or how could Tewas go to Keres kivas? Trouble reigned over the entire plateau and most of it was possibly in the Valley of the Frijoles. Was it ever decided which group should live in Hidden Valley when it was given the name Tyuonyi?

Jealousy could have arisen over pottery. When the Frijoles area was first occupied clay deposits were discovered in arroyos and along river banks. Indian women began moulding pottery with local clays. They discovered mineral pigments. They used paints from wild plants which fired the black designs in fast color in the vessels. The color would never come out. But slowly and surely the women began to depart from the techniques which they and their ancestors had previously used. Out of these techniques new styles of pottery were developed by using local materials. These white wares with black designs became thick and coarse as time went on and probably decreased in popularity as far as usefulness was concerned.

The Keres-speaking people had kin far to the south of the Pajarito Plateau. And these people were ingenious. Sometime in the thirteenth century, it seems, Indians living in the Little Colorado River district of what is now eastern Arizona and western New Mexico, were making a style of red pottery with black designs. This pottery was apparently very popular and spread by trade to the Rio Grande Valley. Indians in this same region eventually learned to produce a glaze paint by using lead-manganese ore. This ware also spread to the Rio Grande and glaze paint was used in decorating pottery from about 1350 A.D. to the time of the Pueblo Rebellion in 1680. It is thought that shortly after its inception and perhaps by 1400 A.D. this red pottery spread by trade to Tyuonyi.

The Keres living here might have brought this red ware in from their southern relatives living below the Pajarito Plateau. On the other hand, it is possible that they might not have lived in the Canyon before the time of the glaze pottery. The most plausible explanation seems to be that the people to the south brought the materials to their kin in the Frijoles. These materials were then transformed into the beautiful new hard red ware to catch the eye of the Tewa-speaking people who likely were modeling inferior white wares with black designs. However, there is a remote possibility that this glaze ware was never manufactured in Frijoles Canyon and this possibility brings up the question as to whether or not the ware was used as a wedge to gain entrance into Tyuonyi. The folk who were living here, either Tewa or Keres, or it could have been both, were making an inferior type of black-on-white pottery with local materials. It was inferior because it was so porous.

So, the Tewa-speaking people might have readily accepted this red ware in trade from the Keres. And it seems this trading might have been carried on for a half-century or thereabout. No one is sure. At this particular time there seems to have been a definite decrease in the manufacture or trading of glaze pottery.

Something very drastic must have taken place. Could it be that there was just not enough room in the beautiful Frijoles for two groups of people who spoke different languages? It was easily a prize spot. It was a green valley—a perfect place to live and the water supply was constant. It might have been the envy of Indians for many miles around. There was not this constant water supply either to the north or to the south. Some groups living on the high mesas might even have depended on open basins hollowed out of soft rock to catch the rain water. Great jealousy could have arisen between individuals or even groups. And one might safely guess that love affairs were broken up between Tewa maidens and Keres boys or vice versa. And who can say with certainty that the Tyuonyi was not the earliest known home of the Keres-speaking people in this vicinity? Or that it was not the Tewas from the north who did the encroaching and forced their way into the Valley of the Frijoles and lived and traded pottery with the Keres?

By the time of the fifteenth century, there were many of the Indians living to the north of Tyuonyi. Little house sites were being abandoned. People were drawing closer together to live in larger communities. Surely, the soft volcanic ash from the cliffs was being fashioned into building blocks with stone axes. Some were square, some were rectangular—long heavy four-sided blocks. It had taken Indians years and years, possibly, to learn that this soft stone could be quarried and then shaped. These blocks were definitely better and single thickness coursed masonry walls were in vogue by this time. This was the highest type of prehistoric pueblo architecture on the Pajarito Plateau.

This was most likely the period in which the terraced communal apartment houses were developed and erected. There were centers of population from this time on. There were no more small family houses. Indians built houses with several hundred rooms, at least two, and, in some cases, three stories high. What was the reason? Was it for defense purposes or was it just a normal outgrowth of the discovery of the fashioned block technique? There were several main villages occupied by the Tewa-speaking people to the north. They were all built in defensible positions: on a knoll, a high mesa top overlooking the entire surrounding country, or in a valley away from the cliffs from which heavy objects could be thrown down by enemies. These four villages were Potsui'i, Sankawi, Navawi and Tshirege. Potsui'i was located in a deep valley on a knoll. It was known as "gap where the water sinks." Sankawi was "gap of the sharp round cactus." It was built high on a mesa top in a defensible position. A trail was worn in the soft rock by thousands of

moccasined feet going and coming from the pueblo. Another of their villages, Navawi, was so-called because of a pitfall trap or game trap. Game coming from either direction on the trail was caught in a deep pit. Tshirege was "House of the Bird People." It was the largest pueblo on the Pajarito and had extensive villages built at the base of the cliff. The numbers of Indians who lived at these sites during these times cannot be estimated though all four villages were large. It would appear that nothing but Tewas lived here. But there also lived their kin and kind in Frijoles Canyon.

Keres people were living to the south of Frijoles—in large pueblos too. They had been living in this south country for years at Yapashi, "pueblo of the Stone Lions," and at Haatze, "House of the Earth People." These were communal apartment houses also but the Keres population on the Pajarito probably was not as great as that of the Tewas in those days. Nobody but Keres lived here to the south of Tyuonyi.

But certainly some groups held on at Tyuonyi. Who can say what happened half a millenium ago? Likely, the Tewas in Frijoles were few. They could have been outnumbered by the Keres people who might have refused to leave their Tyuonyi. Runners could have been dispatched across trails to the north to the big villages for help. War chiefs held council. Warriors were called into action and could have streaked out over age-old trails. Hideous looking creatures with flying black hair, bow and arrow and war club in hand, went whooping and yelling to the Tyuonyi and entered the Canyon at half a dozen places over the north cliff. Two groups of Indians speaking different languages simply could not live in the same valley, farm the same fields, live in the same caves and drink the same water. This was the last of the Keres. They could not hold their own because they were outnumbered and out-fought by "the little strong people." They were driven off and the Valley of the Frijoles was Tewa from then on.

So these beaten Indians pushed south to move in with their kin at the pueblo of the Stone Lions. Whether they ever went back to Tyuonyi and attempted another stand against "the little strong people" is not known. It has been legendarily hinted that a race of "dwarfs" again attacked them at the pueblo of the Stone Lions, slaughtering many and driving off the rest. But we know of no race of "dwarfs" in the Southwest during either prehistoric or historic times. The poor Keres! They were beaten at every turn. But they knew it and moved on, occupying first one place and then another, moving in for awhile with other kin and kind. The farther away from Tyuonyi, the better!

Haatze, or "House of the Earth People" was their next stop but not for long. They lived here with their kind and then moved on, down to the village of Cuapa only to be attacked again by "the little strong people." Great numbers were slaughtered, so the legends go, and the

remainder driven off and pursued almost to the present town of Santo Domingo. Legend has it that one group went off by themselves and formed the pueblos of Cochiti and Santo Domingo. Another group, it is said, climbed up a high rock and took refuge there from their attackers. The rock is known as the “Potrero Viejo” and here they built a village. One San Felipe legend tells us this: nearly all the people at Cuapa were slain, except a woman with a parrot who hid in a metate and a boy who hid in a store-room. These two moved to the Tiwa-speaking village of Sandia and got a cold reception so they went east to live with the Tanos, where the woman gave birth to five children. Things were made so miserable for them here that they left and moved to the Rio Grande and eventually went to San Felipe. That is why we have the pueblo of San Felipe today. These people still know the Pajarito as their ancestral home and it is not an uncommon thing for them to organize a communal hunt to the homes of their ancestors or trudge to the Shrine of the Stone Lions and paint the noses of the life-size fetiches or sprinkle a little sacred meal—deep in ancient Keres land.



Sulzer, then Governor of New York, 1911

AFFIRMATIVE DISCUSSION

From:

Selected Articles on the Parcels Post, by Various

Our Postal Express. pp. 1-6.

By William Sulzer.

MR. SPEAKER: I am in favor of a parcels post. I believe the people of the country generally favor it, and I feel confident its establishment will be of inestimable benefit and advantage to all concerned. The post-office is one of the oldest of governmental institutions, an agency established by the earliest civilization to enable them to inform themselves as to the plans and movements of their friends and foes; and from the dawn of history the only limit upon this service has been the capacity of the existing transport machinery.

The *cursus publicus* of imperial Rome--the post-office of the Roman Cæsars--covered their entire business of transportation and transmission, and with its splendid post-roads, swift post-horses, and ox post-wagons the Roman post-office was a mechanism far wider in its scope than that of our modern post-office; and except for the use of mechanical power, the old Roman post was far more efficient in its service of the Roman rulers than is our modern post-office in the service of the American citizen.

The evil of the Roman post-office and of the royal postal services that succeeded it was their common restriction to the enrichment of the ruling powers. They were the prototypes of our modern private railway

and express companies, which have for their chief end the enrichment of their managers rather than the promotion of the public welfare. In this country the citizen owns the post-office and wants to use it as his transportation company. Its end is to keep him informed as to what his representatives are doing at the centers of public business, to make known to them his wishes, and to provide means by which he may communicate with his fellow-citizens for their mutual benefit, and to supply his wants and dispose of his wares at the least possible cost, in the shortest possible time, and with the greatest possible security.

The postal system of rates, regardless of distance, regardless of the character of the matter transported, and regardless of the volume of the patron's business, eminently fits it for this great service. That it will sooner or later be greatly extended over the entire field of public transportation, is absolutely certain; and the people will duly appreciate the aid of those who assist in its extension and development. As far back as 1837, Rowland Hill, of England, promulgated to the world the law that once a public transport service is in operation, the cost of its use is regardless the distance traversed upon the moving machinery by any unit of traffic within its capacity, and upon this law he established the English penny-letter post of 1839.

Instead of a taxing machine, a contrivance for making money, the post-office should be an agency for good, reaching out its multitudinous hands with help and comfort into all the homes in our widespread land.

Without the post-office where would be that national unity, with its guaranty of equal rights to all, which is the glory of the sisterhood of states?

The postal savings system and parcels post was inaugurated in England largely through the efforts of the great Commoner, William E. Gladstone. Near the close of his life he made the following statement about it:

The post-office savings bank and parcels post is the most important institution which has been created in the last fifty years for the welfare of the people. I consider the act which called the institution into existence as the most useful and fruitful of my long career.

It is because we realize these truths so keenly that we are so persistent in urging favorable consideration of a parcels post. Its only fault is its conservatism. What this country now needs, what Congress should give it, is a parcels post covering much of the business of public transportation.

In April last representatives of at least 10,000,000 American voters, including the great agricultural associations of the country, National Grange, the Farmers' Union, the Farmers' National Congress, Retail Dry Goods Association of New York, the Associated Retailers of St. Louis, the manufacturing perfumers of the United States, the American Florist Association, and others, appeared before the House Postal Committee, demanding a domestic express post as extended and as cheap as that provided by the Postmaster-General in our foreign postal service. The argument in behalf of this legislation, with its 4-pound weight limit, had then been before the committee for many months, but the bill was not up to the demands of these friends of the post-office. The report of the hearing showed that the public wanted an 11-pound service at least. Seldom, if ever, has any proposition received a stronger public support, and it seemed as if the House Committee on Post-Offices would be obliged to report at least some legislation back to the House for its consideration.

Their answer finally came on the 27th of May in the shape of H. R. 26348, introduced by Chairman John W. Weeks, which provides:

That all mail matter of the fourth class shall be subject to examination and to a postage charge at the rate of three-fourths of 1 cent an ounce or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by stamps affixed--stamps of the following denominations:

Cents.

1 ounce	$\frac{3}{4}$
2 ounces	$1\frac{1}{2}$
3 ounces	$2\frac{1}{4}$
4 ounces	3
5 ounces	$3\frac{3}{4}$
6 ounces	$4\frac{1}{2}$
7 ounces	$5\frac{1}{4}$
8 ounces	6

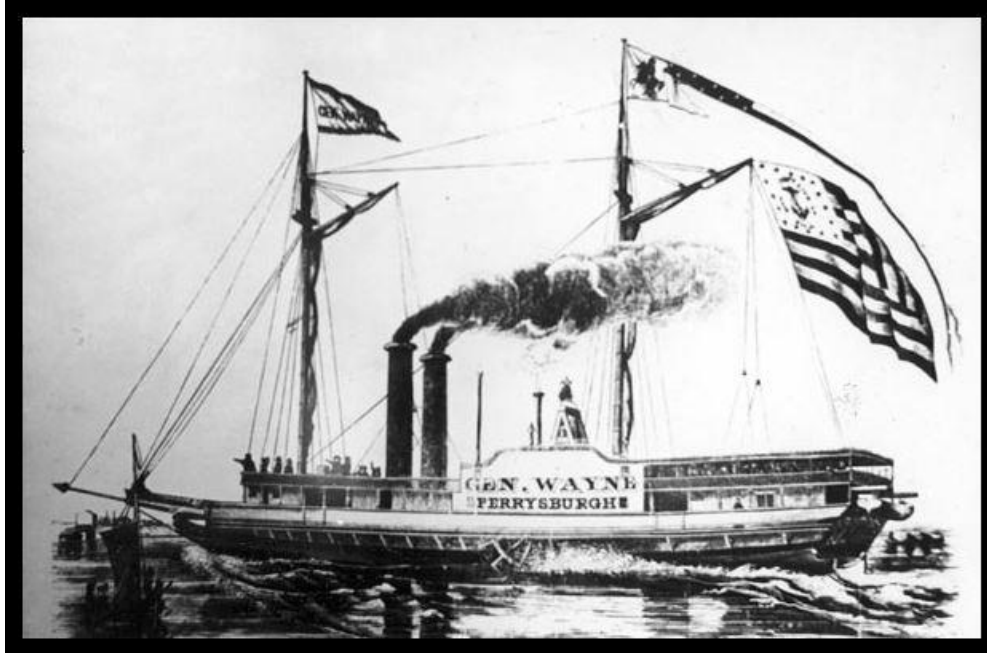
On the 1st of June Mr. Weeks wrote to the secretary of the Postal Progress League as follows:

It does not seem to me likely that any other parcels-post legislation than possibly the bill which I introduced last week--this bill--providing for the reduction in rate on fourth-class matter, will be considered at this session of Congress.

This means that for at least two years more the American people are to be left subject to the extortions of the rich and powerful express

companies, while we have in the post-office a well-equipped service of our own through which much of the people's business now carried on by these companies could be done quicker and at infinitely less cost.

Mr. Speaker, if the powers arraigned against the post-office continue their efforts to limit its functions in behalf of private interests, they will soon find themselves confronted with a Congress pledged to extend the service of the post-office to a much larger degree of the public transmission business; and hence, I think it wise that my bill should now be brought before the House for immediate consideration.



Great Lakes steamship, the Anthony Wayne, one of the first shipwrecks on the Lakes.

The Romance and Tragedy of the Inland Seas

from: *The Great Lakes*, by James Oliver Curwood

I was watching a blockade of ships in a Lake Erie harbour--a score of striving, crowding, smoking monsters of the Inland Seas, hung under a pall of black smoke, with screeching tugs floundering here and there, megaphone voices shouting curses and orders, and the crashing of chains and steel filling the air. And I thought of a theatre I had visited the night before where, arriving late, I was forced to crush in with the gallery gods and fight for a place in the fifth heaven. In the excitement of this "spring rush" of great ships for the freight-laden docks of the North, I spoke my sentiment to the man beside me--a man who had always before him in his office five miniature lakes, on which miniature vessels represented his steel leviathans of commerce, which he moved about, and played, and watched, day by day and almost hour by hour, as a player might move his men at chess. And this man, I noticed, was regarding the scene before him with different eyes from mine. His face was set in a frown, his eyes stared in their momentary anxiety, and I could almost feel the eager tenseness of his body. Out there in that chaotic tangle, where captains were fighting for prestige and taking chances that might cost thousands, he had ships. I saw him clench his hand as a black monster crept forward into the gap between two ships ahead; I saw it forge on, yard by yard, saw the other vessels close up on it as though it were an egg which they were bent on crushing between them, heard the rumbling of steel side against steel side, and when at last I witnessed this ship break triumphantly into

the lead, great blotches of paint scraped from it, I looked at the man again, and he was smiling.

Then he turned to me, and as we walked away from the scene, he observed:

“That’s good--that ‘crush’ idea of yours. I’d use it. It’s as pretty a comparison as you could get to the whole situation on the Lakes to-day, and it’s a key to what the situation is going to be ten years from now. It’s crush and crowd all over the Lakes from Duluth to Buffalo. Harbours are getting too small; the ‘Soo’ canals are becoming outgrown; the Lime Kiln crossing is a greater and greater menace as the number of ships increases. And the ships? They’re increasing so fast that unless the Government takes a hand, there will be more tragedies to write down in Lake history during the next decade or two, than in all of the years that have gone before.”

This possibility of the actual overcrowding, of the Lakes is one that I have discussed with half a hundred captains and owners. It offers a new “future” for romance and tragedy on the Great Lakes. Since the day the first strong-hearted explorers sailed up the Inland Seas on the *_Griffin_*, the unusual, the tragic, and the romantic have made up thrilling chapters in their history--chapters in battle, piracy, and adventure, whose heroes and their exploits rank on even terms with Paul Jones, Kidd, Morgan, Hudson, and other worthies of the open seas. The romance of the old days, as upon the ocean, is gone; a new romance has taken its place--the romance of iron and steel and steam; and a new and greater peril than that born of wind and storm, many believe, is fast developing to face the fresh-water mariner of the future. This is the peril of collision--not as it exists to-day, but as it may exist a few years from now. Already this peril is an ever-present menace upon the Great Lakes, and hardly a day passes during the season of navigation that collisions do not occur. The Lakes, it is probable, will never be able to take entire care of the enormous commerce of the East and West, and as a result ships will continue to increase until, like the streets of a great city with their rushing automobiles and unceasing pandemonium of cars, vans, and seething multitudes, these water highways will become dangerously crowded with the vehicles of trade. Already the Lake Carriers’ Association seems to foresee the danger of future navigation on the Inland Seas, and has recommended that east and west courses be established, so that up-bound vessels will be far out of the path of down-bound ships. This is but the first step toward government legislation, many believe, that will bring about the “cutting up of the Lakes into roads,” when vessels bound for given ports will have prescribed courses to travel, from which they will deviate, unless with good cause, at the risk not only of their safety, but of a heavy fine. Thus, it is probable, will the Lakes be made navigable for the myriad ships of the future, when, in the words of one ship-owner, “A pall of smoke will hover overhead day and night

for seven months in the year, and when the world will witness water commerce as it has never existed before, and as it will never exist elsewhere on the globe."

This is looking into the future; but one acquainted with the Lake life of to-day cannot but see the picture. And this picture brings one to the real motif of this chapter--a description of the "human interest side" of America's vast "unsalted seas," that side in which the romantic and the tragic and not the realities of statistics and economic progress play the absorbing parts, and which should serve to make them of interest to hundreds of thousands of people who have yet their first trips to take upon them.

From my twenty years of experience with them, I believe that failure to treat of the human interest of the Lakes is one of the most inexcusable omissions of American literature. In the rush of modern progress the Lakes have been forgotten--except in the way of their vital importance to the commerce of the nation. And each year their picturesque and thrilling aspects are becoming more deeply engulfed in considerations of profit and loss and corporation finance.

Not long ago I asked a romantically inclined young woman, who was about to spend the savings of several years on an ocean trip, why she did not take a more economical, and pleasanter, holiday by making a tour of the Lakes. She looked at me as if I had gone out of my head.

"Take a trip on the Lakes when I can have one on the ocean!" she cried. After a moment of continued surprise, she added: "I want something that I can think about. I want to go where something has happened--where there have been battles, and pirates, and where there's sunken ships, and treasure, and things under us! I'm reading a story now that tells of the ocean--_The Cruise of a Lonely Heart_--situated in the very part of the sea we're to cross, and I shall read every word of it over again while we're aboard the ship!"

That is the great trouble. Historians, novelists, and short-story writers have neglected the Lakes. I did not waste my breath in telling this young lady that real pirates flourished in the days of King Strang and his Mormons on the Lakes; that some of the most picturesque "sea fights" of history were fought upon them, and that treasure untold, and mysteries without number, lie hidden within their depths. But I am determined that she shall read these few pages, and I pray that she, as well as a few thousand others of my readers, may hereby be induced to "take to their history."

For centuries the oceans have been regarded as the realm of romance and mystery. In this age, the youths of Chicago, of New York, Cincinnati, or Denver, and even of Lake cities, search public libraries for tales

of the South Seas and of the great Pacific; even the youngster whose every day has been spent on the shores of one of the five Great Lakes seeks afar the material that satisfies his boyish imagination. And so is it with his father and mother, his big brothers and sisters. Instead of a glorious trip over the Lakes, they prefer the old and oft-made journey to Europe, to the Bermudas; instead of seeking out the grand scenery and actual romance that environ them, they follow beaten paths laid out in books and pamphlets descriptive of the ocean.

In view of the action already being taken to bring about legislation to prevent collisions, it is interesting to note that no similar area of any ocean, if suddenly robbed of its waters, would expose to human eyes more sunken ships, or more valuable cargoes, than the Great Lakes. During the twenty years between 1878 and 1898, only one less than 6000 vessels were wrecked on the Inland Seas, and 1093 these were total losses. The loss of cargo during this period of a little more than one fourth of the years of navigation on the Lakes was nearly \$8,000,000, and from this it is quite safe to figure that the total amount of property that has gone to the bottom of the Lakes, including only cargoes, would make a total of at least \$15,000,000, involving the wrecking of 14,000 vessels and the total loss of over 2000 ships. Were these "total losses" strung out in a row, there would be a sunken ship at a distance of every half-mile over the thousand-mile length of the Lakes between Buffalo and Duluth. What a field for romance here! What material for the seeker of human achievement, of heroism, of sacrifice! Scores of these vessels disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as though some great power had smuggled them from the face of the earth, leaving naught behind to tell of the tragedies; hundreds of ships carried with them valuable cargoes which remain to this day for lucky fortune-hunters to recover from the depths; and in their going thousands of lives were snuffed out, and thousands of unwritten acts of heroism were played and never heard of, or forgotten.

How many remember the name of Captain James Jackson? Jackson is only one of a thousand heroes of the Inland Seas, and the deed which made him famous among Lake seamen is only one of a thousand of a similar kind. It happened one year in the closing days of navigation on Superior. The owners of the freighter _W. F. Sauber_ had sent that ship from Duluth with one last load of iron ore under the command of W. E. Morris. Off Whitefish Point the vessel was caught in a fierce storm from the north. All night she weathered the gale, but with morning there came a blinding sleet with fierce wind and intense cold, and the breaking seas froze as they touched the upper works of the ship. Under the increasing weight of ice the disabled _Sauber_ gradually settled. When thus the "little ice devils" of Superior gather upon a victim, it sometimes happens that no power of man can save the ship, and in this instance the crew of the doomed freighter realised that it was only a matter of a short time before the end would come.

But strange things happen on the Inland Seas, as on the oceans.

Upon this day, so far as is known, there were just two vessels on Lake Superior, and fate decreed that they should meet off Whitefish Point. While the men of the _Sauber_ were waiting for death, the steamer _Yale_ was tearing her way through the gale toward the "Soo," and as he passed Captain Jackson sighted the sinking ship. It was then that occurred that act which won him a gold medal and a purse contributed to by hundreds of sailors all over the Lakes.

Notwithstanding the peril of his own situation, Captain Jackson brought his vessel to. For hours it was buffeted in the trough of the sea, which was too heavy for small boats to attempt a rescue in. Night came, and the freighters drifted to within a stone's throw of each other. At dawn, when the _Yale_ might have been safely in port, it was found that she, too, was gradually settling, and that the _Sauber_ could not live an hour longer. Captain Jackson at once called for volunteers willing to risk their lives in an attempt at rescue; he himself went out in the first boat. If bravery was ever rewarded it was then. Every member of the _Sauber's_ crew, with the exception of the captain, was carried to the _Yale_. At the last moment Captain Morris attempted to lower himself into one of the boats--hesitated--then leaped back to the deck of the sinking ship.

"Go on, boys!" he shouted through the gale. "Good luck to you, but I'm going to stay with the old boat!"

This is heroism, sacrifice, faithfulness, as they are bred on the Inland Seas.

Thirty minutes later the _Sauber_ went under, and immediately after the explosion of her deck, caused by the pressure of air and water, those who were still courageously waiting in a small boat heard the last cries of Captain Morris rising above the gale.

These "last days of navigation"--the season when life and property are hazarded by crews and captains with a recklessness that thrills one's blood--are justly dreaded, and I have been told by a hopeful few that the time is coming when proper legislation will send ships into winter quarters earlier than now. It is at this time that casualties multiply with alarming rapidity, the perils of Lake navigation becoming tenfold as great as those of the ocean. Heavy fogs hide the beacons that mark the danger lines. Blinding snowstorms blot out the most powerful lights. Driven by fierce gales, weighted by ice, with heaven and sea meeting in a pall that conceals the guiding stars ashore, scores of vessels continue to beat onward in the hope of adding one more successful trip to their season's record.

The history of a Lake Superior tragedy is simple. One more trip from Duluth may mean thousands of dollars. The season is late--too late. But freight rates are high. No risk, no gain, argues the ship-owner, as he sends his vessel from port. Those are days of anxiety for captain, crew, and owner. In a few hours the clear sky may give place to banks of snow clouds. The air turns bitter cold. Darkness falls in the middle of the afternoon. The snow descends in dense clouds. It is far worse than the blackest night, for it shuts out the lights along the treacherous shores as completely as a wall of mountains. Upon the captain alone now depends the safety of the ship, for the Government's attempts to aid him are futile. Perhaps his vessel is safely making her course miles from the coast. Or it may be that it is driving steadily toward its doom upon the dreaded Pictured Rocks. It was in this way that the steamer Superior was lost with all on board, and in the same way the Western Reserve beat herself to pieces within sight of the Big Sable light. And Superior has a harder fate in store for many of those who take the last ill-fated trip of the season. Sailors dread it more than the tragedy of dense snowstorms, when they run upon the rocks, for even there hope does not die; they dread it more than the fierce, sledge-hammer wash of Erie in a storm; more than the fearful dash for port in Lake Michigan, where ports are few; and this fate is the fate of "the little ice devils"--those masses of ice which freeze upon a ship until she is weighted beyond control.

In these days of late navigation--days of fierce battles with snow, ice, and wind, days of death and destruction as they are never known upon the salt seas--is material for a generation of writers; unnumbered stories of true mystery, true romance, and true tragedy, which, if fed to the nation in popular form, would be of immeasurable value to lovers of the literature of adventure. Into what a fascinating tale of mystery, for example, might the loss of the Queen of the West be turned! And, yet, here is a case where truth is in reality stranger than fiction, and possibly an editor might "turn down" the tale as too improbable. Recently I chronicled a true romance of the Lakes. I had dates, names of ships, names of people, and even court records to prove the absolute verity of my story, which was related in the form of fiction. I sent it to several editors who had published other stories of mine, and one after another they returned it, saying that while my proofs were conclusive, the story was so unusual in some of its situations that their readers would consider the tale as a gross exaggeration of anything that might occur on the Great Lakes!

Well, here is the story of the Queen of the West--only one of scores of Lake incidents equally unusual; and I hope that it will have at least some weight in showing that things can occur on the Inland Seas. In the late navigation days of 1903, the freighter Cordurus left Duluth on a "last trip down." In mid-lake, the lookout reported a ship in distress, and upon nearer approach the vessel was found to

be the Queen of the West, two miles out of her course, and sinking. Captain McKenzie immediately changed his course that he might go to the rescue, at the same time signalling the other vessel to lay to. What was his astonishment when he perceived the Queen of the West bearing rapidly away from him, as though her captain and crew were absolutely oblivious of their sinking condition, as well as of the fact that assistance was at hand!

Now began what was without doubt the most unusual "chase" in marine history. Every eye on the deck of the Cordurus could see that the Queen of the West was sinking--that at any moment she might plunge beneath the sea. Was her captain mad? Each minute added to the mystery. The fleeing ship had changed her course so that she was bearing directly on to the north Superior shore. Added fuel was crammed under the Cordurus's boilers; yard by yard, length by length, she gained upon the sinking vessel. Excited figures were seen waving their arms and signalling from the Queen of the West's deck. But still the ship continued on her mysterious flight. At last Captain McKenzie came within hailing distance. His words have passed down into Lake history:

"You're sinking, you idiot! Why don't you heave to?"

"I know it--but I can't," came back the voice of the Queen of the West's captain. "We're almost gone and if we stop our engines for a second we'll go down like a chunk of lead!"

Not stopping to consider the risk. Captain McKenzie ran alongside. The Queen of the West's engines were stopped and her crew clambered aboard. Hardly had the Cordurus dropped safely away when the doomed ship went down. Her momentum alone had kept her from sinking sooner.

One of the most thrilling and interesting pages in the history of Great Lakes navigation, despite the comparative smallness of these fresh-water seas, is made up of "mysterious disappearances." Ships have sailed from one port for another, and though at no time, perhaps, were they more than ten to thirty miles from shore, they have never been heard from again. Of some not even a spar or a bit of wreckage has been found. Only a few years ago the magnificent passenger steamer Chicora left St. Joseph, Michigan, for Chicago on a stormy winter night. She was one of the finest, staunchest, and best-manned vessels on the Lakes. She sailed out into Lake Michigan--and thence into oblivion. Not a soul escaped to tell the story of her end. Through the years that have passed no sign of her has ever been found. Wreckers have sought for her, people along the shore have watched for years; but never a memento has the lake given up from that day to this. And this is only one of the many mysteries of the Inland Seas.

Captains and sailors theorise and wonder to this day on the loss of

the Atlanta, which went down in Lake Superior; and wonderful stories are told of the disappearance of the Nashua, the Gilcher, and the Hudson, and of the nameless vessels spoken of by old Lake mariners as "The Two Lost Tows" of Huron. The disappearance of these tows remains to this day unexplained. During the night the line which held them to their freighter consort parted and unknown to the steamer they fell behind. With the coming of dawn search was made for them, but in vain. What added to the uncanniness of the simultaneous disappearance of the two vessels was the fact that there was no storm at the time. No trace of the missing ships has ever been found. Almost as mysterious was the disappearance of the crack steamer Alpena in Lake Michigan. When last seen she was thirty miles from Chicago. From that day to this no one has been able to say what became of her. Of the fifty-seven people who rode with her that tragic night, not one lived to tell the tale.

Of all Lake mysteries, that of the Bannockburn is one of the freshest in the memory. The ill-fated vessel left Duluth in the days of the "ice devils," a big, powerful freighter with a crew of twenty-two men. What happened to her will never be known. She went out one morning, was sighted the next evening--and that was the last. Not a sign of her floated ashore, not one of her crew was found. For eighteen months the ice-cold waters of Lake Superior guarded their secret. Then one day an oar was found in the driftwood at the edge of the Michigan wilderness. Around the oar was wrapped a piece of tarpaulin, and when this was taken off, a number of rude letters were revealed scraped into the wood--letters which spelled the word B-a-n-n-o-c-k-b-u-r-n. This oar is all that remains to-day to tell the story of the missing freighter. And now, by certain superstitious sailors, the Bannockburn is supposed to be the Flying Dutchman of the Inland Seas and there are those who will tell you in all earnestness that on icy nights, when the heaven above and the sea below were joined in one black pall, they have descried the missing Bannockburn--a ghostly apparition of ice, scudding through the gloom. And this is but one more illustration of the fact that all of the romance in the lives of men who "go down to the sea in ships" is not confined to the big oceans.

Unnumbered thousands of tourists travel over the Lakes to-day with hardly a conception of the unrevealed interests about them. What attracts them is the beauty and freshness of the trip; when they go upon the ocean they wonder, and dream, and read history. Tragedy has its allurements for the pleasure-seeker, as well as romance; and while certain phases of tragedy are always regrettable, it is at least interesting to be able at times to recall them. The Lake traveller, for instance, would feel that his trip had more fully repaid him if his captain should say, pointing to a certain spot, "There is where Perry and his log ships of war met the British: the battle was fought right here"; or, "There is where the Lady Elgin went down, with a loss of three hundred lives."

Three hundred lives! The ordinary modern tourist would hold up his hands in incredulous wonder. "Is it possible," he might ask, "that such tragedies have occurred on the Lakes?" I doubt if there are many who know that upon the Lakes have occurred some of the greatest marine disasters of the world. On September 8, 1860, the Lady Elgin collided with the schooner Augusta and went down in Lake Michigan, carrying with her three hundred men, women, and children, most of whom were excursionists from Milwaukee. Two months later the propeller Dacotah sank in a terrific gale off Sturgeon Point, Lake Erie, carrying every soul down with her. Nothing but fragments were ever seen afterward, so complete was her destruction. On the steamer Ironsides, which dove down into one hundred and twenty feet of water, twenty-four lives were lost in full sight of Grand Haven. Many vessels, like the Ironsides, have perished with their bows almost in harbour. Less than four years ago, for instance, the big steel ship Mataafa was beaten to pieces on the Duluth breakwater, while not more than thirty or forty rods away thousands of people stood helpless, watching the death-struggles of her crew, who were absolutely helpless in the tremendous seas, and who died within shouting distance of their friends.

Probably the most terrible disaster that ever occurred on the Lakes was the burning of the steamer G. P. Griffin, twenty miles east of Cleveland. The vessel was only three miles from shore when the flames were discovered, and her captain at once made an effort to run her aground. Half a mile from the mainland the Griffin struck a sand-bar and immediately there followed one of the most terrible scenes in the annals of marine tragedy. The boats were lowered and swamped by the maddened crowd. Men became beasts, and fought back women and children. Frenzied mothers leaped overboard with their babes in their arms. Scorched by the flames, their faces blackened, their eyes bulging, and even their garments on fire, over three hundred people fought for their lives. Men seized their wives and flung them overboard, leaping after them to destruction; human beings fought like demons for possession of chairs, boards, or any objects that might support them in the water, and others, crazed by the terrible scenes about them, dashed into the roaring flames, their dying shrieks mingling with the hopeless cries of those who still struggled for life. From the shore scores of helpless people, without boats, or any means of assistance, watched the frightful spectacle, and strong swimmers struck out to give what aid they could. Only a few were saved. For days scorched and unrecognisable corpses floated ashore, and when the final death-roll was called, it was found that 286 lives had gone out in that frightful hour of fire.

Is there a more tragic page in the history of any ocean than this?--a page to which must still be added the burning of the steamer Erie, with a loss of one hundred and seventy lives, the sinking of the Pewabic with seventy souls off Thunder Bay Light, in Lake Huron, the loss of the Asia with one hundred lives, and scores of other

tragedies that might be mentioned. The Inland Seas have borne a burden of loss greater in proportion than that of any of the salt oceans. Their bottoms are literally strewn with the bones of ships and men, their very existence is one of tragedy coupled with the greatest industrial progress the world has ever seen. But there are no books descriptive of their "attractions," no volumes of fiction or history descriptive of those "thrilling human elements" that tend to draw people from the uttermost ends of the earth. This field yet remains for the writers of to-day.

And romance walks hand in hand with tragedy on the Inland Seas. For two or three years past a new epidemic has been sweeping the world, an epidemic which has attracted attention in every civilised land and to which I might give the name "treasuritis"--the golden _ignis fatuus_ of hidden treasure which is luring men to all parts of the world, and which is bringing about the expenditure of fortunes in the search for other fortunes lost on land or at sea. While South Sea treasure-hunts have been exploited by newspapers and magazines, while Cocos Island and the golden Pacific have overworked the imaginations of thousands, few have heard of the treasure-hunts and lost fortunes of the Lakes. So businesslike are these ventures of the Inland Seas regarded by those who make them, that little of romance or adventure is seen in them.

How treasures are lost, and sometimes found, in the depths of the Great Lakes is illustrated in the tragic story of the _Erie_. This vessel, under command of Captain T. J. Titus, left Buffalo for Chicago on the afternoon of August 9, 1841. When thirty-three miles out, off Silver Creek, a slight explosion was heard and almost immediately the ship was enveloped in flames. In the excitement of the appalling loss of life that followed, no thought was given to a treasure of \$180,000 that went down with her--the life savings of scores of immigrants bound for the West. For many years the _Erie_ lay hidden in the sands, seventy feet under water. In 1855, a treasure-seeking party left Buffalo, discovered the hull, towed it into shallow water, and recovered a fortune, mostly in foreign money.

Not very long ago a treasure-ship came down from the North--the _William H. Stevens_, loaded with \$101,880 worth of copper. Somewhere between Conneaut, Ohio, and Port Burwell, Ontario, she caught fire and sank. For a long time unavailing efforts were made to recover her treasure. Then Captain Harris W. Baker, of Detroit, fitted out a modern treasure-hunting expedition that was as successful in every way as the most romantic youngster in the land could wish, for he recovered nearly \$100,000 worth of the _Stevens's_ cargo, his own salvage share being \$50,000.

While there have been many fortunes recovered from the bottoms of the Lakes, there are many others that still defy discovery. Somewhere

along the south shore of Lake Erie, between Dunkirk and Erie, lies a treasure-ship which will bring a fortune to her lucky discoverer, if she is ever found. One night the _Dean Richmond_, with \$50,000 worth of pig zinc on board, mysteriously disappeared between those two places. All hands were lost and their bodies were washed ashore. In vain have search parties sought the lost vessel. The last attempt was made by the Murphy Wrecking Company, of Buffalo, which put a vessel and several divers on the job for the greater part of a season. In the deep water of Saginaw Bay lies the steamship _Fay_, with \$20,000 worth of steel billets in her hold; and somewhere near Walnut Creek, in Lake Erie, is the _Young Sion_, with a valuable cargo of railroad iron. Off Point Pelee is the _Kent_, with a treasure in money in her hulk and the skeletons of eight human beings in her cabins; and somewhere between Cleveland and the Detroit River is a cargo of locomotives, lost with the _Clarion_. In Lake Huron, near Saginaw Bay, are more lost ships than in any other part of the Great Lakes, and for this reason Huron has frequently been called the "Lake of Sunken Treasure." In the days when the country along the Bay was filled with lumber-camps, large sums of money were brought up in small vessels, and many of these vessels were lost in the sudden tempests and fearful seas which beset this part of Huron. Beside these treasure lumber barges, it is believed that the _City of Detroit_, with a \$50,000 treasure in copper, lies somewhere in Saginaw Bay. The _R. G. Coburn_, also laden with copper, sank there in 1871, with a loss of thirty lives. Although searches have been made for her, the location of the vessel is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the Lakes.

That treasure-hunting is not without its romance, as well as its reward, is shown by the case of the _Pewabic_. This vessel, with her treasure in copper, disappeared as completely as though she had been lifted above the clouds. Expedition after expedition was fitted out to search for her--a search which continued over a period of thirty years. In 1897, a party of fortune-seekers from Milwaukee succeeded in finding the long-lost ship six miles south-east of Thunder Bay. Another terrible event was the loss of the steamer _Atlantic_, off Long Point, Lake Erie, with three hundred lives. For many years, futile search was made for her; not till nearly a quarter of a century was she found, and \$30,000 recovered.

Whisky and coal form quite an important part of the treasure which awaits recovery in the Inland Seas. Many vessels with cargoes of whisky have been lost, and this liquor would be as good to-day as when it went down. In 1846, the _Lexington_, Captain Peer, cleared from Cleveland for Port Huron, freighted with one hundred and ten barrels of whisky. In mid-lake, the vessel foundered with all on board, and though more than sixty years have passed, she has never been found. To-day her cargo would be worth \$115 a barrel. The _Anthony Wayne_ also sank in Lake Erie with three hundred barrels of whisky and of wine; and five

years afterwards, the _Westmoreland_ sank near Manitou Island with a similar cargo. These are only a few of many such cargoes now at the bottom of the Lakes. Of treasure in lost coal, that of the _Gilcher_ and _Ostrich_, steamer and tow, that disappeared in Lake Michigan, is one of the largest. The two vessels carried three thousand tons, and as yet they have not been traced to their resting place. In 1895, the steamer _Africa_ went down in a gale on Lake Huron, carrying two thousand tons of coal with her, and at the bottom of Lake Ontario is the ship _St. Peter_, with a big cargo of fuel. It is estimated that at least half a million dollars in coal awaits recovery at the bottom of the Lakes.

But, after all, perhaps the most romantic of all disappearances on the Inland Seas is that of the _Griffin_, built by La Salle at the foot of Lake Erie, in January, 1679. The _Griffin_ sailed across Lake Erie, up the Detroit River, and continued until she entered Lake Michigan. In the autumn of 1680, she started on her return trip, laden with furs and with \$12,000 in gold. She was never heard of again, and historians are generally of the opinion that the little vessel sank during a storm on Lake Huron.

Or it may be that one must choose between this earliest voyager of the Lakes and that other shrouded mystery--the "Frozen Ship." Lake Superior has been the scene of as weird happenings as any tropic sea, and this of the Frozen Ship, perhaps, is the weirdest of all. She was a schooner, with towering masts, of the days when canvas was monarch of the seas; and the captain was her owner, who set out one day in late November for a more southern port than Duluth. And then came the Great Storm--that storm which comes once each year in the days of late navigation to add to the lists of ships and men lost and dead--and just what happened to the schooner no living man can say. But one day, many weeks afterward, the corpse of a ship was found on the edge of the pine wilderness on the north Superior shore; and around and above this ship were the tracks of wild animals, and from stem to stern she was a mass of ice and snow, and when she was entered two men were found in her, frozen stiff, just as the "Frozen Pirate" was discovered in a story not so true.

So might the tragedy and the romance of the Inland Seas be written without end, for each year adds a new chapter to the old; and yet, how many thousands of our seekers of novelty say, with the young woman I know, "I want to go where something has happened--where there have been battles, and pirates, and where there's sunken ships, and treasure, and things!"



Paul LaFargue

The Consequences of Over-Production

from: *The Right to be Lazy*, by Paul Lafargue, Translator: Charles H. Kerr

A Greek poet of Cicero's time, Antiparos, thus sang of the invention of the water-mill (for grinding grain), which was to free the slave women and bring back the Golden Age: "Spare the arm which turns the mill, O, millers, and sleep peacefully. Let the cock warn you in vain that day is breaking. Demeter has imposed upon the nymphs the labor of the slaves, and behold them leaping merrily over the wheel, and behold the axle tree, shaken, turning with its spokes and making the heavy rolling stone revolve. Let us live the life of our fathers, and let us rejoice in idleness over the gifts that the goddess grants us." Alas!, the leisure which the pagan poet announced has not come. The blind, perverse and murderous passion for work transforms the liberating machine into an instrument for the enslavement of free men. Its productiveness impoverishes them.

A good workingwoman makes with her needles only five meshes a minute, while certain circular knitting machines make 30,000 in the same time. Every minute of the machine is thus equivalent to a hundred hours of the workingwomen's labor, or again, every minute of the machine's labor, gives the workingwomen ten days of rest. What is true for the knitting industry is more or less true for all industries reconstructed by modern machinery. But what do we see? In proportion as the machine is improved and performs man's work with an ever increasing rapidity and exactness, the laborer, instead of prolonging his former rest times, redoubles his ardor, as if he wished to rival the machine. O, absurd and murderous competition!

That the competition of man and the machine might have free course, the proletarians have abolished wise laws which limited the labor of the artisans of the ancient guilds; they have suppressed the

holidays.[14] Because the producers of that time worked but five days out of seven, are we to believe the stories told by lying economists, that they lived on nothing but air and fresh water? Not so, they had leisure to taste the joys of earth, to make love and to frolic, to banquet joyously in honor of the jovial god of idleness. Gloomy England, immersed in protestantism, was then called "Merrie England." Rabelais, Quevedo, Cervantes, and the unknown authors of the romances make our mouths water with their pictures of those monumental feasts[15] with which the men of that time regaled themselves between two battles and two devastations, in which everything "went by the barrel". Jordaens and the Flemish School have told the story of these feasts in their delightful pictures. Where, O, where, are the sublime gargantuan stomachs of those days; where are the sublime brains encircling all human thought? We have indeed grown puny and degenerate. Embalmed beef, potatoes, doctored wine and Prussian schnaps, judiciously combined with compulsory labor have weakened our bodies and narrowed our minds. And the times when man cramps his stomach and the machine enlarges its output are the very times when the economists preach to us the Malthusian theory, the religion of abstinence and the dogma of work. Really it would be better to pluck out such tongues and throw them to the dogs.

Because the working class, with its simple good faith, has allowed itself to be thus indoctrinated, because with its native impetuosity it has blindly hurled itself into work and abstinence, the capitalist class has found itself condemned to laziness and forced enjoyment, to unproductiveness and over-consumption. But if the over-work of the laborer bruises his flesh and tortures his nerves, it is also fertile in griefs for the capitalist.

The abstinence to which the productive class condemns itself obliges the capitalists to devote themselves to the over-consumption of the products turned out so riotously by the laborers. At the beginning of capitalist production a century or two ago, the capitalist was a steady man of reasonable and peaceable habits. He contented himself with one wife or thereabouts. He drank only when he was thirsty and ate only when he was hungry. He left to the lords and ladies of the court the noble virtues of debauchery. Today every son of the newly rich makes it incumbent upon himself to cultivate the disease for which quicksilver is a specific in order to justify the labors imposed upon the workmen in quicksilver mines; every capitalist crams himself with capons stuffed with truffles and with the choicest brands of wine in order to encourage the breeders of blooded poultry and the growers of Bordelais. In this occupation the organism rapidly becomes shattered, the hair falls out, the gums shrink away from the teeth, the body becomes deformed, the stomach obtrudes abnormally, respiration becomes difficult, the motions become labored, the joints become stiff, the fingers knotted. Others, too feeble in body to endure the fatigues of

debauchery, but endowed with the bump of philanthropic discrimination, dry up their brains over political economy, or juridical philosophy in elaborating thick soporific books to employ the leisure hours of compositors and pressmen. The women of fashion live a life of martyrdom, in trying on and showing off the fairy-like toilets which the seamstresses die in making. They shift like shuttles from morning until night from one gown into another. For hours together they give up their hollow heads to the artists in hair, who at any cost insist on assuaging their passion for the construction of false chignons. Bound in their corsets, pinched in their boots, décolleté to make a coal-miner blush, they whirl around the whole night through at their charity balls in order to pick up a few cents for poor people,—sanctified souls!

To fulfill his double social function of non-producer and over-consumer, the capitalist was not only obliged to violate his modest taste, to lose his laborious habits of two centuries ago and to give himself up to unbounded luxury, spicy indigestibles and syphilitic debauches, but also to withdraw from productive labor an enormous mass of men in order to enlist them as his assistants.

Here are a few figures to prove how colossal is this waste of productive forces. According to the census of 1861, the population of England and Wales comprised 20,066,244 persons, 9,776,259 male and 10,289,965 female. If we deduct those too old or too young to work, the unproductive women, boys and girls, then the "ideological professions", such as governors, policemen, clergy, magistrates, soldiers, prostitutes, artists, scientists, etc., next the people exclusively occupied with eating the labor of others under the form of land-rent, interest, dividends, etc. ... there remains a total of eight million individuals of both sexes and of every age, including the capitalists who function in production, commerce, finance, etc. Out of these eight millions the figures run:

Agricultural laborers, including herdsmen, servants and farmers' daughters living at home	1,098,261
Factory Workers in cotton, wool, hemp, linen silk, knitting	642,607
Mine Workers	565,835
Metal Workers (blast furnaces, rolling mills, etc.)	396,998
Domestics	1,208,648

"If we add together the textile workers and the miners, we obtain the figures of 1,208,442; if to the former we add the metal workers, we have a total of 1,039,605 persons; that is to say, in each case a number below that of the modern domestic slaves. Behold the magnificent result of the capitalist exploitation of machines." [16] To this class of domestics, the size of which indicates the stage attained by

capitalist civilization, must still be added the enormous class of unfortunates devoted exclusively to satisfying the vain and expensive tastes of the rich classes: diamond cutters, lace-makers, embroiderers, binders of luxurious books, seamstresses employed on expensive gowns, decorators of villas, etc.[17]

Once settled down into absolute laziness and demoralized by enforced enjoyment, the capitalist class in spite of the injury involved in its new kind of life, adapted itself to it. Soon it began to look upon any change with horror. The sight of the miserable conditions of life resignedly accepted by the working class and the sight of the organic degradation engendered by the depraved passion for work increased its aversion for all compulsory labor and all restrictions of its pleasures. It is precisely at that time that, without taking into account the demoralization which the capitalist class had imposed upon itself as a social duty, the proletarians took it into their heads to inflict work on the capitalists. Artless as they were, they took seriously the theories of work proclaimed by the economists and moralists, and girded up their loins to inflict the practice of these theories upon the capitalists. The proletariat hoisted the banner, "He who will not work Neither shall he Eat". Lyons in 1831 rose up for bullets or work. The federated laborers of March 1871 called their uprising "The Revolution of Work". To these outbreaks of barbarous fury destructive of all capitalist joy and laziness, the capitalists had no other answer than ferocious repression, but they know that if they have been able to repress these revolutionary explosions, they have not drowned in the blood of these gigantic massacres the absurd idea of the proletariat wishing to inflict work upon the idle and reputable classes, and it is to avert this misfortune that they surround themselves with guards, policemen, magistrates and jailors, supported in laborious unproductiveness. There is no more room for illusion as to the function of modern armies. They are permanently maintained only to suppress the "enemy within". Thus the forts of Paris and Lyons have not been built to defend the city against the foreigner, but to crush it in case of revolt. And if an unanswerable example be called for, we mention the army of Belgium, that paradise of capitalism. Its neutrality is guaranteed by the European powers, and nevertheless its army is one of the strongest in proportion to its population. The glorious battlefields of the brave Belgian army are the plains of the Borinage and of Charleroi. It is in the blood of the unarmed miners and laborers that the Belgian officers temper their swords and win their epaulets. The nations of Europe have not national armies but mercenary armies. They protect the capitalists against the popular fury which would condemn them to ten hours of mining or spinning. Again, while compressing its own stomach the working class has developed abnormally the stomach of the capitalist class, condemned to over-consumption.

For alleviation of its painful labor the capitalist class has withdrawn

from the working class a mass of men far superior to those still devoted to useful production and has condemned them in their turn to unproductiveness and over-consumption. But this troop of useless mouths in spite of its insatiable voracity, does not suffice to consume all the goods which the laborers, brutalized by the dogma of work, produce like madmen, without wishing to consume them and without even thinking whether people will be found to consume them.

Confronted with this double madness of the laborers killing themselves with over-production and vegetating in abstinence, the great problem of capitalist production is no longer to find producers and to multiply their powers but to discover consumers, to excite their appetites and create in them fictitious needs. Since the European laborers, shivering with cold and hunger, refuse to wear the stuffs they weave, to drink the wines from the vineyards they tend, the poor manufacturers in their goodness of heart must run to the ends of the earth to find people to wear the clothes and drink the wines: Europe exports every year goods amounting to billions of dollars to the four corners of the earth, to nations that have no need of them.[18] But the explored continents are no longer vast enough. Virgin countries are needed. European manufacturers dream night and day of Africa, of a lake in the Saharan desert, of a railroad to the Soudan. They anxiously follow the progress of Livingston, Stanley, Du Chaillu; they listen open-mouthed to the marvelous tales of these brave travelers. What unknown wonders are contained in the "dark continent"! Fields are sown with elephants' teeth, rivers of cocoa-nut oil are dotted with gold, millions of backsides, as bare as the faces of Dufaure and Girardin, are awaiting cotton goods to teach them decency, and bottles of schnaps and bibles from which they may learn the virtues of civilization.

But all to no purpose: the over-fed capitalist, the servant class greater in numbers than the productive class, the foreign and barbarous nations, gorged with European goods; nothing, nothing can melt away the mountains of products heaped up higher and more enormous than the pyramids of Egypt. The productiveness of European laborers defies all consumption, all waste.

The manufacturers have lost their bearings and know not which way to turn. They can no longer find the raw material to satisfy the lawless depraved passion of their laborers for work. In our woolen districts dirty and half rotten rags are raveled out to use in making certain cloths sold under the name of renaissance, which have about the same durability as the promises made to voters. At Lyons, instead of leaving the silk fiber in its natural simplicity and suppleness, it is loaded down with mineral salts, which while increasing its weight, make it friable and far from durable. All our products are adulterated to aid in their sale and shorten their life. Our epoch will be called the "Age of adulteration" just as the first epochs of humanity received

the names of "The Age of Stone", "The Age of Bronze", from the character of their production. Certain ignorant people accuse our pious manufacturers of fraud, while in reality the thought which animates them is to furnish work to their laborers, who cannot resign themselves to living with their arms folded. These adulterations, whose sole motive is a humanitarian sentiment, but which bring splendid profits to the manufacturers who practice them, if they are disastrous for the quality of the goods, if they are an inexhaustible source of waste in human labor, nevertheless prove the ingenuous philanthropy of the capitalists, and the horrible perversion of the laborers, who to gratify their vice for work oblige the manufacturers to stifle the cries of their conscience and to violate even the laws of commercial honesty.

And nevertheless, in spite of the over-production of goods, in spite of the adulterations in manufacturing, the laborers encumber the market in countless numbers imploring: Work! Work! Their superabundance ought to compel them to bridle their passion; on the contrary it carries it to the point of paroxysm. Let a chance for work present itself, thither they rush; then they demand twelve, fourteen hours to glut their appetite for work, and the next day they are again thrown out on the pavement with no more food for their vice. Every year in all industries lockouts occur with the regularity of the seasons. Over-work, destructive of the organism, is succeeded by absolute rest during two or four months, and when work ceases the pittance ceases. Since the vice of work is diabolically attached to the heart of the laborers, since its requirements stifle all the other instincts of nature, since the quantity of work required by society is necessarily limited by consumption and by the supply of raw materials, why devour in six months the work of a whole year; why not distribute it uniformly over the twelve months and force every workingman to content himself with six or five hours a day throughout the year instead of getting indigestion from twelve hours during six months? Once assured of their daily portion of work, the laborers will no longer be jealous of each other, no longer fight to snatch away work from each other's hands and bread from each other's mouths, and then, not exhausted in body and mind, they will begin to practice the virtues of laziness.

Brutalized by their vice, the laborers have been unable to rise to the conception of this fact, that to have work for all it is necessary to apportion it like water on a ship in distress. Meanwhile certain manufacturers in the name of capitalist exploitation have for a long time demanded a legal limitation of the work day. Before the commission of 1860 on professional education, one of the greatest manufacturers of Alsace, M. Bourcart of Guebwiller, declared: "The day of twelve hours is excessive and ought to be reduced to eleven, while work ought to be stopped at two o'clock on Saturday. I advise the adoption of this measure, although it may appear onerous at first sight. We have tried

it in our industrial establishments for four years and find ourselves the better for it, while the average production, far from having diminished, has increased." In his study of machines M. F. Passy quotes the following letter from a great Belgian manufacturer M. Ottevaere: "Our machines, although the same as those of the English spinning mills, do not produce what they ought to produce or what those same machines would produce in England, although the spinners there work two hours a day less. We all work two good hours too much. I am convinced that if we worked only eleven hours instead of thirteen we should have the same product and we should consequently produce more economically." Again, M. Leroy Beaulieu affirms that it is a remark of a great Belgian manufacturer that the weeks in which a holiday falls result in a product not less than ordinary weeks.[19]

An aristocratic government has dared to do what a people, duped in their simplicity by the moralists, never dared. Despising the lofty and moral industrial considerations of the economists, who like the birds of ill omen, croaked that to reduce by one hour the work in factories was to decree the ruin of English industry, the government of England has forbidden by a law strictly enforced to work more than ten hours a day, and as before England remains the first industrial nation of the world.[20]

The experiment tried on so great a scale is on record; the experience of certain intelligent capitalists is on record. They prove beyond a doubt that to strengthen human production it is necessary to reduce the hours of labor and multiply the pay days and feast days, yet the French nation is not convinced. But if the miserable reduction of two hours has increased English production by almost one-third in ten years, what breathless speed would be given to French production by a legal limitation of the working day to three hours. Cannot the laborers understand that by over-working themselves they exhaust their own strength and that of their progeny, that they are used up and long before their time come to be incapable of any work at all, that absorbed and brutalized by this single vice they are no longer men but pieces of men, that they kill within themselves all beautiful faculties, to leave nothing alive and flourishing except the furious madness for work. Like Arcadian parrots, they repeat the lesson of the economist: "Let us work, let us work to increase the national wealth." O, idiots, it is because you work too much that the industrial equipment develops slowly. Stop braying and listen to an economist, no other than M. L. Reybaud, whom we were fortunate enough to lose a few months ago. "It is in general by the conditions of hand-work that the revolution in methods of labor is regulated. As long as hand-work furnishes its services at a low price, it is lavished, while efforts are made to economize it when its services become more costly." [21]

To force the capitalists to improve their machines of wood and iron

it is necessary to raise wages and diminish the working hours of the machines of flesh and blood. Do you ask for proofs? They can be furnished by the hundreds. In spinning, the self-acting mule was invented and applied at Manchester because the spinners refused to work such long hours as before. In America the machine is invading all branches of farm production, from the making of butter to the weeding of wheat. Why, because the American, free and lazy, would prefer a thousand deaths to the bovine life of the French peasant. Plowing, so painful and so crippling to the laborer in our glorious France, is in the American West an agreeable open-air pastime, which he practices in a sitting posture, smoking his pipe nonchalantly.

FOOTNOTES:

[14] Under the old regime, the laws of the church guaranteed the laborer ninety rest days, fifty-two Sundays and thirty-eight holidays, during which he was strictly forbidden to work. This was the great crime of catholicism, the principal cause of the irreligion of the industrial and commercial bourgeoisie: under the revolution, when once it was in the saddle, it abolished the holidays and replaced the week of seven days by that of ten, in order that the people might no longer have more than one rest day out of the ten. It emancipated the laborers from the yoke of the church in order the better to subjugate them under the yoke of work.

The hatred against the holidays does not appear until the modern industrial and commercial bourgeoisie takes definite form, between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Henry IV asked of the pope that they be reduced. He refused because "one of the current heresies of the day is regarding feasts" (Letters of Cardinal d'Ossat). But in 1666 Perefixus, archbishop of Paris, suppressed seventeen of them in his diocese. protestantism, which was the Christian religion adapted to the new industrial and commercial needs of the bourgeoisie, was less solicitous for the people's rest. It dethroned the saints in heaven in order to abolish their feast days on earth.

Religious reform and philosophical free thought were but pretexts which permitted the jesuitical and rapacious bourgeoisie to pilfer the feast days of the people.

[15] These gigantic feasts lasted for weeks. Don Rodrigo de Lara wins his bride by expelling the Moors from old Calatrava, and the Romancero relates the story:

Les bodas fueron en Burgos
Las tornabodas en Salas:
En bodas y tornabodas

Pasaron siete semanas
Tantas vienen de las gentes
Que no caben por las plazas

(The wedding was at Bourges, the infaring at Salas. In the wedding and the infaring seven weeks were spent. So many people came that the town could not hold them...).

The men of these seven-weeks weddings were the heroic soldiers of the wars of independence.

[16] Karl Marx's "Capital".

[17] "The proportion in which the population of the country is employed as domestics in the service of the wealthy class indicates its progress in national wealth and civilization." (R. M. Martin, "Ireland Before and After the Union," 1818). Gambetta, who has denied that there was a social question ever since he ceased to be the poverty stricken lawyer of the Café Procope, undoubtedly alluded to this ever-increasing domestic class when he announced the advent of new social strata.

[18] Two examples: The English government to satisfy the peasants of India, who in spite of the periodical famines desolating their country insist on cultivating poppies instead of rice or wheat, has been obliged to undertake bloody wars in order to impose upon the Chinese Government the free entry of Indian opium. The savages of Polynesia, in spite of the mortality resulting from it are obliged to clothe themselves in the English fashion in order to consume the products of the Scotch distilleries and the Manchester cotton mills.

[19] Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. *La Question Ouvrière au XIX siècle*, 1872.

[20] It should be observed that this was written in 1883, since which time the United States has taken the first rank. The soundness of Lafargue's reasoning is confirmed by the fact that in this country the hours of labor in the most important industries are even less than in England. (Translator.)

[21] Louis Reybaud. *Le coton, son regime, ses problèmes* (1863).



Guiney

THE PRECEPT OF PEACE

By Louise Imogen Guiney

from: *MODERN ESSAYS FOR SCHOOLS*

selected by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY (1921)

Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920), one of the rarest poets and most delicately poised essayists this country has reared, has been hitherto scantily appreciated by the omnipotent General Reader. Her dainty spoor is perhaps too lightly trodden upon earth to be followed by the throng. And yet one has faith in the imperishability of such a star-dust track. This lovely and profound "Precept of Peace" is peculiarly characteristic of her, and reminds one of the humorous tranquillity with which she faced the complete failure (financially speaking) of almost all her books. There was a certain sadness in learning, when the news of her death came, that many of our present-day critical Sanhedrim had never even become aware of her name.

There is no space, in this brief note, to do justice to her. The student will refer to the newly published memoir by her friend, Alice Brown.

She was born in Boston in 1861, daughter of General Patrick Guiney who fought in the Civil War. From 1894-97 she was postmistress in Auburndale, Mass. Her later years were spent in England, mostly at Oxford : the Bodleian Library was a candle and she the ecstatic moth.

A CERTAIN sort of volutary abstraction is the oldest and choicest of social attitudes. In France, where all esthetic discoveries are made, it was crowned long ago: la sainte indifference is, or may be, a cult, and

le saint indifferent an articted practitioner. For the Gallic mind, brought up at the knee of a consistent paradox, has found that not to appear concerned about a desired good is the only method to possess it; full happiness is given, in other words, to the very man who will never sue for it. This is a secret neat as that of the Sphinx : to "go softly" among events, yet domineer them. Without fear : not because we are brave, but because we are exempt; we bear so charmed a life that not even Baldur's mistletoe can touch us to harm us. Without solicitude: for the essential thing is trained, falcon-like, to light from above upon our wrists, and it has become with us an automatic motion to open the hand, and drop what appertains to us no longer. Be it renown or a new hat, the shorter stick of celery, or

"The friends to whom we had no natural right.
The homes that were not destined to be ours,"

it is all one: let it fall away! since only so, by depletions, can we buy serenity and a blithe mien. It is diverting to study, at the feet of Antisthenes and of Socrates his master, how many indispensables man can live without; or how many he can gather together, make over into luxuries, and so abrogate them. Thoreau somewhere expresses himself as full of divine pity for the "mover," who on May-Day clouds city streets with his melancholy household caravans: fatal impedimenta for an immortal. No : furniture is clearly a superstition. "I have little, I want nothing: all my treasure is in Minerva's tower." Not that the novice may not accumulate. Rather, let him collect beetles and Venetian interrogation-marks ; if so be that he may distinguish what is truly extrinsic to him, and bestow these toys, eventually, on the children of Satan who clamor at the monastery gate. Of all his store, unconsciously increased, he can always part with sixteen-seventeenths, by way of concession to his individuality, and think the subtraction so much concealing marble chipped from the heroic figure of himself. He would be a donor from the beginning; before he can be seen to own, he will disencumber, and divide. Strange and fearful is his discovery, amid the bric-a-brac of the world, that this knowledge, or this material benefit, is for him alone. He would fain beg off from the acquisition, and shake the touch of the tangible from his imperious wings. It is not enough to cease to

strive for personal favor; your true indifferent is Early Franciscan : caring not to have, he fears to hold. Things useful need never become to him things desirable. Towards all commonly-accounted sinecures, he bears the coldest front in Nature, like a magician walking a maze, and scornful of its flower-bordered detentions. "I enjoy life," says Seneca, "because I am ready to leave it." Meanwhile, they who act with too jealous respect for their morrow of civilized comfort, reap only indigestion, and crow's-foot traceries for their deluded eye-corners.

Now nothing is farther from le saint indifferent than cheap indifferentism, so-called : the sickness of sophomores. His business is to hide, not to display, his lack of interest in fripperies. It is not he who looks languid, and twiddles his thumbs for sick misplacedness, like Achilles among girls. On the contrary, he is a smiling industrious elf, monstrous attentive to the canons of polite society. In relation to others, he shows what passes for animation and enthusiasm; for at all times his character is founded on control of these qualities, not on the absence of them. It flatters his sense of superiority that he may thus pull wool about the ears of joint and several. He has so strong a will that it can be crossed and counter-crossed, as by himself, so by a dozen outsiders, without a break in his apparent phlegm. He has gone through volition, and come out at the other side of it; everything with him is a specific act : he has no habits. Le saint indifferent is a dramatic wight : he loves to refuse your proffered six per cent, when, by a little haggling, he may obtain three-and-a-half. For so he gets away with his own mental processes virgin : it is inconceivable to you that, being sane, he should so comport himself. Amiable, perhaps, only by painful propulsions and sore vigilance, let him appear the mere inheritor of eas^e good-nature. Unselfish out of sheer pride, and ever eager to claim the slippery side of the pavement, or the end cut of the roast (on the secret ground, be it understood, that he is not as Capuan men, who wince at trifles), let him have his ironic reward in passing for one whose physical connoisseurship is yet in the raw. That sympathy which his rule forbids his devoting to the usual objects, he expends, with some bravado, upon their opposites; for he would fain seem a decent partizan of some sort, not what he is, a bivalve intelligence, Tros Tyriusque. He is known here and there, for instance, as valorous

in talk ; yet he is by nature a solitary, and, for the most part, somewhat less communicative than

"The wind that sings to himself as he makes stride,
Lonely and terrible, on the Andean height."

Imagining nothing idler than words in the face of grave events, he condoles and congratulates with the genteel air in the world. In short, while there is anything expected of him, while there are spectators to be fooled, the stratagems of the fellow prove inexhaustible. It is only when he is quite alone that he drops his jaw, and stretches his legs; then heigho! arises like a smoke, and envelopes him becomingly, the beautiful native well-bred torpidity of the gods, of poetic boredom, of "the Oxford manner."

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable!" sighed Hamlet of this mortal outlook. As it came from him in the beginning, that plaint, in its sincerity, can come only from the man of culture, who feels about him vast mental spaces and depths, and to whom the face of creation is but comparative and symbolic. Nor will he breathe it in the common ear, where it may woo misapprehensions, and breed ignorant rebellion. The unlettered must ever love or hate what is nearest him, and, for lack of perspective, think his own fist the size of the sun. The social prizes, which, with mellowed observers, rank as twelfth or thirteenth in order of desirability, such as wealth and a foothold in affairs, seem to him first and sole; and to them he clings like a barnacle. But to our indifferent, nothing is so vulgar as close suction. He will never tighten his fingers on loaned opportunity ; he is a gentleman, the hero of the habitually relaxed grasp. A light unprejudiced hold on his profits strikes him as decent and comely, though his true artistic pleasure is still in "fallings from us, vanishings." It costs him little to loose and to forego, to unlace his tentacles, and from the many who push hard behind, to retire, as it were, on a never-guessed-at competency, "richer than untempted kings." He would not be a life-prisoner, in ever so charming a bower. While the tranquil Sabine Farm is his delight, well he knows that on the dark trail ahead of him, even Sabine Farms are not sequacious. Thus he learns betimes to play the guest under his own cedars, and, with disciplinary intent, goes often from them ; and, hearing his heart-strings snap the third night he is away, rejoices

that he is again a freedman. Where his foot is planted (though it root not anywhere) , he calls that spot home. No Unitarian in locality, it follows that he is the best of travelers, tangential merely, and pleased with each new vista of the human Past. He sometimes wishes his understanding less, that he might itch deliciously with a prejudice. With cosmic congruities, great and general forces, he keeps, all along, a tacit understanding, such as one has with beloved relatives at a distance ; and his finger, airily inserted in his outer pocket, is really upon the pulse of eternity. His vocation, however, is to bury himself in the minor and immediate task; and from his intent manner, he gets confounded, promptly and permanently, with the victims of commercial ambition.

The true use of the much-praised Lucius Gary, Viscount Falkland, has hardly been apprehended: he is simply the patron saint of indifferents. From first to last, almost alone in that discordant time, he seems to have heard far-off resolving harmonies, and to have been rapt away with foreknowledge. Battle, to which all knights were bred, was penitential to him. It was but a childish means: and to what end? He meanwhile — and no man carried his will in better abeyance to the scheme of the universe — wanted no diligence in camp or council. Cares sat handsomely on him who cared not at all, who won small comfort from the cause which his conscience finally espoused. He labored to be a doer, to stand well with observers ; and none save his intimate friends read his agitation and profound weariness. "I am so much taken notice of," he writes, "for an impatient desire for peace, that it is necessary I should likewise make it appear how it is not out of fear for the utmost hazard of war." And so, driven from the ardor he had to the simulation of the ardor he lacked, loyally daring, a sacrifice to one of two transient opinions, and inly impartial as a star, Lord Falkland fell: the young never-to-be-forgotten martyr of Newburg field. The imminent deed he made a work of art; and the station of the moment the only post of honor. Life and death may be all one to such a man: but he will at least take the noblest pains to discriminate between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, if he has to write a book about the variations of their antennae. And like the Carolian exemplar is the disciple. The indifferent is a good thinker, or a good fighter. He is no "immartial minion," as

dear old Chapman suffers Hector to call Tydides. Nevertheless, his sign-manual is content with humble and stagnant conditions. Talk of scaling the Himmalayas of life affects him, very palpably, as "tall talk." He deals not with things, but with the impressions and analogies of things. The material counts for nothing with him : he has moulted it away. Not so sure of the identity of the higher course of action as he is of his consecrating dispositions, he feels that he may make heaven again, out of sundries, as he goes. Shall not a beggarly duty, discharged with perfect temper, land him in "the out-courts of Glory," quite as successfully as a grand Sunday-school excursion to front the cruel Paynim foe ? He thinks so. Experts have thought so before him. Francis Drake, with the national alarum instant in his ears, desired first to win at bowls, on the Devon sward, "and afterwards to settle with the Don.*' No one will claim a buccaneering hero for an indifferent, however. The Jesuit novices were ball-playing almost at that very time, three hundred years ago, when some too speculative companion, figuring the end of the world in a few moments (with just leisure enough, between, to be shriven in chapel, according to his own thrifty mind), asked Louis of Gonzaga how he, on his part, should employ the precious interval. "I should go on with the game," said the most innocent and most ascetic youth among them. But to cite the behavior of any of the saints is to step over the playful line allotted. Indifference of the mundane brand is not to be confounded with their detachment, which is emancipation wrought in the soul, and the ineffable efflorescence of the Christian spirit. Like most supernatural virtues, it has a laic shadow; the counsel to abstain, and to be unsolicitous, is one not only of perfection, but also of polity. A very little nonadhesion to common affairs, a little reserve of unconcern, and the gay spirit of sacrifice, provide the moral immunity which is the only real estate. The indifferent believes in storms : since tales of shipwreck encompass him. But once among his own kind, he wonders that folk should be circumvented by merely extraneous powers! His favorite catch, woven in among escaped dangers, rises through the roughest weather, and daunts it :

"Now strike your sailes, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come into a quiet rode."

No slave to any vicissitude, his imagination is, on the contrary, the cheerful obstinate tyrant of all that is. He lives, as Keats once said of himself, "in a thousand worlds," withdrawing at will from one to another, often curtailing his circumference to enlarge his liberty. His universe is a universe of balls, like those which the cunning Oriental carvers make out of ivory; each entire surface perforated with the same delicate pattern, each moving prettily and inextricably within the other, and all but the outer one impossible to handle. In some such innermost asylum the right sort of dare-devil sits smiling, while men rage or weep.



Bee Attack!

The Literature and History of the Bee IN HINDU LITERATURE

from: *The Honey-Makers*

by Margaret Warner Morley

The Latin writer Varro fancifully calls the bees the Birds of the Muses, thus paying a poet's tribute to the airy creatures that wing their way through the songs of many nations ; and nowhere is the title better deserved than in India, where from the earliest times the bees have been the winged darlings of the muses.

Figuring largely in the religion as well as the poetry of the Hindus and constantly appearing in the accounts of the gods the bee is a delightful and omnipresent feature in Hindu literature.

The " Vedas," the oldest literature of India, concerning themselves with the great forces of nature, and drawing their imagery mainly from the phenomena of the sky, are full of allusions to honey and the bee, which play their parts in the stately drama of men and gods.

The word mad/m, honey, and other words compounded with it constantly occur.

Honey, in the "Vedas," is intimately connected with the symbolism of the sun and the moon, but particularly of the moon.

The two AsVins/ children of the sun and moon, spirits of the dawn, giving birth to the new day, demigods who concerned themselves with the welfare of man and gave him good gifts, bore honey in their three-wheeled chariot.

In the old Hindu belief honey gave strength, wealth, good-fortune, knowledge, and offspring to man.

In the "Rig-Veda," the fine invocations to the As'wins contain frequent references to the honey they bear, as is shown by the following : "

" Aswins, men who desire to glorify you with their hymns, cause, as it were, their praises to be heard, propitiating you with oblations ; for, from you who are possessed of all opulence, they obtain every kind of wealth and abundant food. Dasras,^ the feUies of the wheels of your honey-laden car drop honey, carried in your golden car."

"When, As'wins, you harness your bounty-shedding chariot, refresh our strength with trickhng honey : bestow abundant food upon our people : may we acquire riches in the strife of heroes."

" May the three-wheeled cart of the As'wins, drawn by swift horses, laden with honey, three-canopied, filled with treasure, and every way auspicious, come to our presence, and bring prosperity to our people and our cattle."

" Bring us, Aswins, vigour : animate us with your honied speech : prolong our existence ; wipe away our sins ; destroy our foes ; be ever our associates."

" With those aids by which you defended Kris'ariu in battle, with which you succored the horse of the young Purukutsa in speed, and by which you deliver the pleasant honey to the bees ; with them, As'wins, come willingly hither."

1 Quotations from Hindu literature having been taken from various translators, the accents used are those of the translators quoted.
- Another name for Aswins.

Honey-colored, or resembling honey in purity and pellucidity, is a comparison more than once met with in the "â– Vedas," as in one of the hymns to the Maruts, the storm-gods or winds.

" When, Maruts, flying like birds along a certain path of the sky, you collect the moving, passing clouds in the nearest portions of the firmament, then, coming into collision with your cars, they pour forth the waters ; therefore, do you shower upon your worshipper the honey-colored rain."

Honey played an important part in the religious observances of our Aryan forefathers, as we learn from the " Vedas " and from the " Sutras," or rituals for domestic ceremonies. Replete with poetry is that part of the marriage ceremony where the husband reciting the Vedic verse " Full of honey the herbs," ties to the body of his bride the madhuka flowers.

And again, where the newly married husband kisses his wife : "

"He then seeks her mouth with his mouth, with the two verses, "

"Honey! Lo ! Honey! This is honey! my tongue's speech is honey ; in ray raouth dwells the honey of the bee ; on my teeth dwells concord.' "

Honey plays an important part in the ceremonies performed over a new-born child, as is shown by the commands of the " Sutras " : "

" Let the father mix together butter and honey, milk, curds and water, or grind together rice and barley, and give it to eat to the child twice from gold (i. e., from a golden vessel or with a golden spoon)."

While touching the tongue of the child with this food the father repeats the verse, "

" I administer to thee honey food for the festival, the wisdom raised by Savitar the bountiful; long-Hving, protected by the gods, live a hundred autumns in this world,

N. N. ! " " and gives him a name.

Although the " Sutras " compiled by different authors differ somewhat in detail, the use of honey at the birth of the child is almost always a part of the command, as witness the following from another of the " Sutras " : "

"When a son has been born, the father should, before other people touch him, give him to eat from gold, butter and honey with which he has ground gold-dust, with the verse, "

" ' I administer to thee the wisdom of honey, of ghee,^ raised by Savitri the bountiful, long-hving, protected by the gods, live a hundred autumns in this world ! ' "

When a child is six months old the ceremony for feeding the first solid food is performed. Various substances, selected according to the future needs of the child, as, for instance, flesh of partridge, if the child is desirous of acquiring holy lustre, are mixed with milk, curds, honey and clarified butter and given to the child.

"Such food, mixed with 'curds, honey and ghee, he should give to the child to eat with the verse, "

" ' Lord of food, give us food painless and strong ; bring forth the giver ; bestow power on us, on men and animals.' "

At the ceremony of the tonsure of the child's head it is to be observed that "

" He pours cold water into warm with the verse, "

" ' Mix yourselves, ye holy ones, with your waves, ye honied ones, mixing milk with honey, ye lovely ones, for the obtaining of wealth.' "

The young man desiring to establish a family builds for himself a house, and when the post holes are dug he consecrates his dwelling in the following manner. Pouring water-gruel into the holes he recites, "

1 Clarified butter.

" This branch of the immortal one I erect, a stream of honey, promoting wealth. The child, the young one, cries to it ; the cow shall low to it, the unceasingly fertile one."

Putting an Udumbara branch which has been smeared with ghee into the pit for the right door post he recites, "

" This branch of the world I establish, a stream of honey, promoting wealth. The child, the young one, cries to it ; the cow shall low to it that has a young calf"

Thus does he proceed until all of the post holes have been similarly treated and the house has been consecrated and invoked to wealth and numerous offspring such as is bestowed by divine honey.

Although the bees and their honey were eagerly sought after and the bees cultivated as domestic animals by the ancient Hindus, it seems that the voluntary entrance of a swarm into a house was looked upon with suspicion and the subject of such a visitation is enjoined thus : "

" If the bees make honey in his house, "

"Let him fast and sacrifice a hundred and eight pieces of Udumbara wood, which are besmeared with curds, honey and ghee, with the two verses, ' No harm to us in our offspring. '

" And let him murmur the hymn, ' For welfare may Tndra and Agni.' "

Other sacrifices of wood have also to be made at different seasons to quit him of possible harm from his intruding guests.

Honey has a place in other domestic ceremonies, but plays its most celebrated role in the madhuparka offering, which is made upon various occasions but is most widely known in connection with the respectful reception of a guest.

Madhuparka, as the name implies, is a mixture of honey and curds.

Its presentation is extremely ceremonious, and its reception by the guest is accompanied by the recital of the most honeyed composition in Hindu, or any other, literature.

The guest mixes the ingredients of the madhuparka three times from left to right with his thumb and his fourth finger, with the formula, " â—

" What is the honied, highest form of honey, which consists in the enjoyment of food, by that honied highest form of honey may I become highest, honied, and an enjoyer of food."

He partakes of it three times with the formula, "
" I eat thee for the sake of brilliancy, of luck, of glory, of
power, and of the enjoyment of food."

The guest is enjoined in the " Siitras " not to eat the whole
of the madhuparka, a dish of which the people were evi-
dently very fond, but to pass on the remnant to some
deserving neighbor, or to give it to a friend.

The inmates of the house look at the madhuparka and
murmur, " May Indra come thither."

Mention of honey occurs over and over again in those
parts of the books describing the sacrificial rites upon sacred
days " of which the Hindu calendar was full. Upon one
of these days, for instance, offerings were made thus : "

" Having cooked milk-rice for Indra he sacrifices it,
mixed with curds, honey and ghee, to Indra, Indrani, the
two Aswins, the full moon of Asvayuga, and to the
autumn."

At the ceremony of the cutting of the beard in the six-
teenth year of his age the youth takes upon himself a vow
which must be kept a year, a part of the vow being that he
shall avoid eating honey and flesh.

As we proceed from the earlier to the later Hindu writ-
ings we notice a change. The old Vedic faith becomes
displaced by beliefs less simple and more earthy.

We find the gods multiplied in number and their offices
grown involved and obscure. But the bees and their honey
still occupy their old place in sacrifices and ceremonies.
In fact, they too have advanced in complexity of office and
are intimately connected with the godhead.

Vishnu has come upon the scene and is the chief of the
gods ; from him everything emanates ; he creates everything,
he is everything. Vishnu the preserver, the creative force of
nature, has closely associated with him the bee, which also
represents the creative force in nature and is the symbol of
the sweetness and the pain of love.

Of the thousand names which Vishnu finally acquires
madhava, honey born, or a descendant of niadhu, honey,
is one, while madhuaii, destroyer of honey, is another.

The great god of gods Vishnu himself is represented at times as a bee lying in the heart of a lotus flower. Vishnu is the god of the sun and the moon, and these also are symbolized by the bee, which, as the dispenser of honey, represents the moon ; as the appropriator of honey, the sun. Honey is supposed to come from the moon, and is very frequently mentioned in connection with it in the old Hindu poems.

When the lotus flower, the symbol of nature, opens, Vishnu the sun-god, the bee at its heart, awakens and goes forth. Light is born, life is born.

The bee thus becomes the symbol of birth upon earth. Hence, and for other reasons, the use of honey at weddings and at the birth of a child.

Thus the bee and its honey in Hindu mythology undoubtedly belong to the sun myths, as is also shown in the stories of the bear.

One of the impersonations of Vishnu is the bear, the madhuan, the destroyer of honey.

Vishnu in his mystical role of existing in all things is at times his own destroyer. As the madhuan he leads to the destruction of the honey in the sacred honey forest.

The bear despoils the bees, that is, Vishnu the sun, the day, overcomes Vishnu the moon, the night.

But again the angry bees revenge themselves by killing the bear. That is, the bees, representing the moon or night, overcome the sun.

Krishna and Brahma, the principal forms of Vishnu, are also like him. Madhava, born of honey, and Krishna is often portrayed with an azure bee upon his forehead, azure being the color of the sky, of the pure aerial spaces which the gods inhabit.

Kama, the Hindu god of love, requires the help of the bees in performing the duties of his delicate and difficult office. In the " Puranas," the later Hindu books, Kama is represented as a beautiful youth who travels about through the three worlds accompanied by his lovely wife Rati, by the cuckoo, the humming-bee, spring personified, and gentle breezes.

The bow he bears is sometimes made of sugar cane to symbolize the sweetness of love, and it is strung by a chain of bees, symbolizing the pain of love and also the source of sweetness; his arrows are tipped with flowers, the red mango blossom being the favorite, as it is also the favorite of the bees.

The word madhukara means both bee and lover, and also means the moon.

" The Puranas distribute the earth into seven concentric circles or rings each forming an annular continent, and being separated from the next in succession by a circumambient ocean. These oceans vary also as to their constituent parts ; and besides seas of fresh and salt water, we have them of treacle, honey, milk and wine."

The early Hindu world very closely resembled the Golden Age of the Greeks, as is described in a splendid passage in the " Vishnu-Puraha."

" The waters became solid, when he (the mighty Pi-fthu) traversed the ocean : the mountains opened him a path : his banner passed unbroken through the forest : the earth needed not cultivation ; and, at a thought, food was prepared : all kine were like the cow of plenty : honey was stored in every flower."

In the later writings we find that honey has not lost its place in ceremonials, but as of old is used at bridals and is put upon the tongue of the new-born male child.

It is also an important factor in the respectful reception of a guest.

Honey is necessary at ancestral ceremonies, as we learn from the following : "

" The flesh of the rhinoceros, Kalasaka (pot herb, sacred basil), and honey are, also, especial sources of satisfaction to those worshipped at ancestral ceremonies."

" In former times, O king of the earth, this song of the Pitfis was heard by Ikshwaku, the son of Manu, in the groves of Kalapa.

" ' Those of our descendants shall follow a righteous path,

who shall reverently present us with cakes of Gaya. May he be born in our race, who shall give us, on the thirteenth of Bhadrapada and Magha, milk, honey and clarified butter : or when he marries a maiden, or liberates a black bull, or performs any domestic ceremony agreeable to rule, accompanied by donations to the Brahmins.' "

The student learning the sacred books is prohibited the use of honey and flesh and to eat of these necessitates a penance.

2 34 The Honey-Makers

One of the rights of the king is to collect as taxes from his subjects a sixth part of the honey they gather.

And whosoever steals honey shall pay three times its value.

The souls of men upon death transmigrate into the bodies of animals and very frequently into bees " if the men were wise and good enough to deserve such an honor.

We learn that upon his death, " One who has stolen honey becomes a gadfly."

A householder in passing honey must turn his right side towards it, the same as when passing a deity.

The householder must not eat all of the food set before him, " Unless it consist of sour milk, or honey, or clarified butter, or milk, or ground barley, or meat, or sweetmeats," these evidently being considered the necessities of life.

By giving clarified butter, honey or oil, the pious man becomes exempt from disease.

While he who would be beautiful may become so by help of honey.

" He who feeds on the Revati day of every month three Brahmanas with rice boiled in milk with sugar and mixed with honey and clarified butter, in order to please the goddess Revati, obtains beauty."

It is a very different form of religion, as we see, that the bees are called upon to witness in these later days. The stately march of the clouds and the heavenly phenomena which form the imagery of the " Vedas," are replaced by earthly images.

In the " Institutes of Vishnu " we read the following description of the goddess of the Earth : "

" Her eyes were similar to the leaves of the blue lotus (of which the bow of Kama, the god of love, is made) ; her face was radiant like the moon in the autumn season ; her locks were as dark as a swarm of black bees ; she was radiant ; her lip was red like the Bandhugiva flower ; and she was lovely to behold."

A new literature in time sprang into being, but the charm of its nature pictures was still enhanced by the never-failing presence of the bees.

Kalidasa, the greatest Hindu dramatist, in the sixth century, brought forth his delightful creations and sang the bee into innumerable and immortal love poems.

Kalidasa's most popular drama, " Sakuntala, or the Lost Ring," would lose at least a part of its charm if deprived of the music of the bees.

At the very opening, before the play begins, as was the custom, a singer delighted the audience with a song.

" Fond maids, the chosen of their hearts to please,
Intwine their ears with sweet Sirisha flowers.
Whose fragrant lips attract the kiss of bees

That softly murmur through the summer hours."

One could almost follow the course of the story by the stanzas in which bees are mentioned.

King Dushyanta riding in the forest comes upon the hermit's lovely daughter, Sakuntala, watering the flowers, and driving away a bee that tries to settle upon her face. Whereupon his majesty, gazing ardently upon her, thus expresses his feelings : "

" Beautiful ! there is something charming even in her repulse.
Where'er the bee his eager onset plies.

Now here, now there, she darts her kindling eyes
What Jove hath yet to teach, fear teaches now,
The furtive glances and the frowning brow."

In a tone of envy he continues : "

" Ah, happy bee ! how boldly dost thou try
To steal the lustre from her sparkling eye ;
And in thy circling movements hover near,

To murmur tender secrets in her ear ;

Or, as she coyly waves her hand, to sip

Voluptuous nectar from her lower lip !

While rising doubts my heart's fond hopes destroy,

Thou dost the fulness of her charms enjoy."

Sakoontala, reclining upon a couch of Hewers, requests
the king to leave her, upon which she receives the ardent
reply : "

" When I have gently stolen from thy lips
Their yet untasted nectar, to allay
The raging of my thirst, e'en as the bee
Sips the fresh honey from the opening bud."

An early love of the king, fearing his disaffection, is
heard to sing, "

" How often hither did'st thou rove,

Sweet bee, to kiss the mango's cheek
Oh ! leave not then thy early love,
The lily's honeyed lip to seek."

The mango " " this tree the favorite of Love and the
darling of the bees " " is a favorite of the poet as well, and
"red mango buds " blush from nearly every page, while
one seldom finds the mango without finding at the same
time its companion and lover, the bee. The mango and
the lotus vie with each other in the favor of the Hindu
poet, and the bees linger lovingly about both of them.

As the result of a curse, Dushyanta forgets his wife
Sakoontala after he has married her and when she appears

before him he exclaims : "

" What charms are here revealed before mine eyes !
Truly no blemish mars the symmetry
Of that fair form ; yet can I ne'er believe
She is my wedded wife ; and like a bee

That circles round the flower whose nectared cup
Teems with the dew of morning, I must pause
Ere eagerly I taste the proffered sweetness."

The king warns the bee that hovers about the lips of
Sakountala's picture : "

" Dost thou presume to disobey ? Now hear me "
An thou but touch the lips of my beloved,
Sweet as the opening blossom, whence I quaffed
In happier days love's nectar, I will place thee
Within the hollow of yon lotus cup,
And there imprison thee for thy presumption."

Kalidasa's " The Birth of the War God," is also rich in
exquisite love songs, and through the whole is intertwined
the song and the flight of the bee.

The poet describes the love that Uma's father bears to
her. She was to him what the mango blossom was to the
bee. He loved her above all things, just as "

" When spring-tide bids a thousand flowerets bloom,
Loading the breezes with their rich perfume,
Though here and there the wandering bee may rest,
He loves his own " his darling mango " best."

Uma is destined to become the bride of Siva, who has
become a hermit, and all the forces of Kama, the god of
love, his humming bees, his flowery shafts, his companion
and helper Spring, are brought to bear upon the stern
deity. In the hermit's grove. Spring, wondrous to behold,
appears, to turn the hermit from his thoughts on things
above.

" There grew Love's arrow, his dear mango spray,
Winged with young leaves to speed its airy way,
And at the call of Spring the wild bees came,
Grouping the syllables of Kama's name."

Sweet wanton Spring : "

"— Who loves to tint his lip, the mango spray,
With the fresh colors of the early clay,
And powder its fine red with many a bee
That sips the oozing nectar rapturously."

" For there in eager love the wild bee dipped
In the dark flower-cup, where his partner sipped."

"no dweller of the forest stirred,
No wild bee murmured, hushed was every bird."

Surely it would be a strong hermit who could hold out
against such forces, and when the lovely Uma herself ap-
peared with her train of maidens the heart of the god was
melted within him.

The poet cannot sufficiently express her charms without
telling us that "

" A greedy bee kept hovering round to sip
The fragrant nectar of her blooming lip.
She closed her eyes in terror of the thief
And beat him from her with a lotus leaf."

Love, " the god of the flowery shafts," sent his arrow into
Siva's heart, but the merciless deity, inflamed with anger,
slew the gentle god of love with a glance of his eye.

In a moment Kama was reduced to ashes, and we have
the lament of Rati, his wife, the goddess of love.

" Say, Kama, say, whose arrow now shall be
The soft green shoot of thy clear mango tree,
The favorite spray which Koils 1 love so well,
And praise in sweetest strain its wondrous spell ."
This line of bees which strings thy useless bow
Hums mournful echo to my cries of woe."

Uma, refused by Siva, takes upon herself the most austere
vows, and her mother fears for her daughter's strength in
the performance of them, for "

^ The Indian cuckoo.

" The lily, by the wild bee scarcely stirred,
Bends, breaks and dies beneath the weary bird."

Although Uma has undertaken the life of a recluse in the forest we learn that "

" Her matted hair was full as lovely now,
As when 'twas braided o'er her polished brow.
Thus the sweet beauties of the lotus shine
When bees festoon it in a graceful line."

Finally we find Uma triumphant and arranged for her bridal.

" Less dazzling pure the lovely lotus shines
Flecked by the thronging bees in dusky lines."

The maidens fly to the windows to see the passing of Siva and his bride.

" Oh ! what a sight! the crowded windows there
With eager faces excellently fair,
Like sweetest lilies, for their dark eyes fling
Quick glances quivering like the wild bee's wing."

" The murmur of the bee " is a constant accompaniment to Hindu song and love-making, and the music of the bee at times vies with the song of the bird, or even with celestial music.

In Kahdasa's " Hero and Nymph" the manager repeats before the play begins, "

" What sounds are these in the air, that like the plaintive bleat of lambs, break in upon my speech? Was it the murmur of the bee or koiPs distant song, or do the nymphs of heaven as they pass above warble their celestial strains ? "

Urvasi, a nymph of heaven, borne in the chariot of the hero Tururavas, of whom she has become enamoured, hearing him speak, says, " nectar here evidently meaning honey, "

" Delightful words ! they fall like drops of nectar,
Nor wonder nectar from the moon should flow."

In the same drama of the " Hero and the Nymph " is the following invitation given to the king by his attendant, "

" The bower of jasmines yonder with its slab of black

marble is studded thick with blossoms, and the bees crowd about them in heaps ; it invites your majesty to repose."

There is nothing finer in all Kalidasa's three dramas than the search of King Puriiravas for his bride, Urvasi, who has fled from him in a pet and been changed into a vine. As he searches for her through the forests, strains are heard in the air.

" The tree of heaven invites the breeze,
And all its countless blossoms glow ;
They dance upon the gale ; the bees
With sweets inebriate, murmuring low,
Soft music lend, and gushes strong
The koiPs deep thick warbling song."

The king, seeking his bride, calls upon the clouds and upon all the creatures he meets in exalted strains. Everything reminds him of his beloved, and finally he asks the bee to tell him where she is.

" How beautiful the lotus ! " it arrests
My path and bids me gaze on it " the bees
Murmur amidst its petals " like the lip
Of my beloved it glows."

" Say, plunderer of the honeyed dew, hast thou
Beheld the nymph whose large and languid eye
Voluptuous rolls, as if it swam with wine ?
And yet methinks 't is idle to inquire ;
For had he tasted her delicious breath,
He now would scorn the lotus. I will hence."

Still pursuing his search the king sings, likening his beloved to the sacred river Ganges : "

" Be not relentless, dearest,

Nor wroth with me forever.
I mark where thou appearest
A fair and mountain river.

" Like Ganga proud thou showest.
From heavenly regions springing;
Around thee, as thou flowest.

The birds their course are winging.

" The timid deer confiding,

Thy flowery borders throng ;

And bees, their store providing.

Pour forth enraptured song."

Coming upon the vine into which the nymph has been changed, the king pauses, filled with a strange emotion, and addresses the now flowerless vine, "

" No bees regale her with their songs ; silent

And sad, she lonely shows the image
Of my repentant love, who now laments

Her causeless indignation. I will press
Th,e melancholy likeness to my heart."

In his embrace the vine changes into the nymph and he sings in a very different mood, "

" I have sued to the starry-plumed bird,

And the k6il of love-breathing song;
To the lord of the elephant herd,

And the bee as he murmured along;
To the swan, and the loud waterfall,

To the chakwa, the rock and the roe.
In thy search have I sued them all.

But none of them lightened my woe."

In the drama of the " Toy Cart," written by ^udraka, the most Shakespearian of the Hindu dramatists, and contemporary with Kalidasa, we find the verse more dignified, if less graceful, and the bee as much a favorite as ever.

Charudatta, a Brahman who has impoverished himself by his munificence, says to his friend, "

" I do not, trust me, grieve for my lost wealth :

But that the guest no longer seeks the dwelling,

Whence wealth has vanished, does, I own, afflict me.
Like the ungrateful bees, who wanton fly

The elephant's broad front, when thick congeals
The dried-up dew, they visit me no more."

In the same play in the description of a house of many
courts we read the following : "

" The flute here breathes the soft hum of the bee, whilst
here a damsel holds the vina in her lap, and frets its wires
with her finger-nails ; some damsels are singing like so
many bees intoxicated with flowery nectar ; others are
practising the graceful dance, and others are employed in
reading plays and poems. The place is hung with water
jars, suspended to catch the cooling breeze."

" How bravely the old garden looks," says Charudatta's
servant as he conducts his master hither, and Charudatta
replies : "

" 'T is true ; like wealthy merchants are the trees

Who spread in clustering flowers the choicest wares ;
Amongst them lustily the bees are straying
To gather tribute for the royal hive."

Charudatta, in court, accused of murder, says: "

" When first the flower unfolds, as flock the bees
To drink the honeyed dew, so mischiefs crowd
The entrance opened by man's falling fortune."

Defending himself later, he says : "

" For me " you know me " would I pluck a flower,
I draw the tender creeper gently to me.
Nor rudely rob it of its clustering beauty.
How think you then ? " could I with violent hands
Tear from their lovely seat those jetty locks.
More glossy than the black bee's wing ? "

In the " Stolen Marriage," a drama written somewhat
later by Bhavabhuti, "he in whose throat eloquence re-
sides," we have the same sensuous imagery, the beauty and
delight of nature enhanced by the murmur of the bees :

" I went

To Kamadeva's temple, where I strayed,
Till weary I reclined beside a fountain
That laves the deep roots of a stately tree,
Whose clustering blossoms wooed the wanton bees
To cull their sweet inebriating fragrance.
Lulled by their songs and tempted by the shade,
I laid me down, and in pure idleness,
To while away the time, I gathered round me
The new fall'n blossoms, and assiduous wove
A flowery garland."

In "The Necklace," the king's confidential companion
leads him to the garden.

" This is the place, sir. Behold the rich canopy of the
pollen of the mango blossoms, wafted above our heads
by the southern breeze, and the chorus bursts from the
kails and the bees to hail your approach."

The king replies : "

"The garden is now most lovely. The trees partake
of the rapturous season ; their new leaves glow like coral,
their branches wave with animation in the wind, and their
foliage resounds with the blithe murmurs of the bee. The
bakula blossoms lie around its roots like ruby wine ; the
champaka flowers blush with the ruddiness of youthful
beauty ; the bees give back in harmony the music of the
anklets, ringing melodiously as the delicate feet are raised
against the stem of the Asaka tree." ^

1 Kamadeva, god of love.

2 The Asaka tree was believed to burst into blossom if touched
by the foot of a beautiful woman.

The Lover's Song to his Beloved

" Come, love, thou puttest the night to shame. The beauty of the moon is eclipsed by the loveliness of thy countenance, and the lotus sinks humbled into shade ; the sweet songs of thy attendant damsels discredit the murmur of the bees, and, mortified, they hasten to hide their disgrace within the flowery blossom."

In the prose romances written by Bana in the seventh century we find the wildest extravagance of speech, which is far less pleasing to Western readers than the rich, sensuous, but saner work of the poet Bhavabhiiti and of the early writers. Still, there are some beautiful passages and the bees continue as omnipresent as ever, as witness the first part of the following, taken from the description of a sunset in the " Harsa-Carita " : "

" Fragrant with the scent of their own honey, the night-lotus beds, to the joy of the bees, commenced to open, like umbrellas of water nymphs, seraglio mansions for the wives of the feathered tribes."

The bees have " sung their sweet songs " often enough in the quotations already given to establish their rights as vocal musicians, but Bana is not content to let them sing, they must also play upon the lyre, and we are told in the " Harsa-Carita " of a certain king that "

" He was listening like one skilled in music to lute-players, to the tribes of bees in his ear-rings, which with restless feet played a tiny lyre consisting of the end of his ear-ring jewel with the web of its rosy rays for strings."

Bana tells us of a king from whose "ear-wreath, as he bent down, bees flew away Hke departing sins all uprooted by Siva worship."

And thus of a queen : "

"She was honey in converse, ambrosia to those who sought delight, rain to her servants, beatitude to her friends, bamboo-hke to her elders."

In a description of beautiful women Bana tells us that "

" Tribes of bees, attracted by their breath, are their beauteous veils."

The attraction of the bees by a sweet breath is a favorite theme with the later writers, and Bana gives us the following charming description of a bride : "

" A fragrance of flowers breathed about her, as if she had come forth from the heart of spring. The perfume of her breath attracted the bee tribes, as if she were sprung from the Malaya breeze."

In the folk-songs, too, and in the fables the bee is not wanting. From the "Samadeva" we get the following delightful picture of the man who thinks only of the pleasures of the moment : "

" A traveller, who had slept in a tree in a forest, upon waking saw beneath him a crouching lion, and above him a great hissing boa. In terror he knew not which way to turn.

" Thereupon there trickled down to him from abee's-nest built in the tree beautiful honey. He tasted it and " straightway forgot his danger ! "

" A hunter sold to a merchant a honey-comb. A drop of honey fell from it to the floor. The merchant's cat licked it up.

" The hunter's dog bit and killed the cat.

" The merchant, angered at the death of his beloved cat, struck the dog.

" Then the hunter and the merchant fell upon each other. At the outcry the neighbors hastened thither and there ensued a general fight. They fought and slew each other until all lay dead on the ground " and all on account of a drop of honey ! "

A story analogous to the one of not counting your chickens before they are hatched also occurs in the Hindu tales, with the bee instead of the young girl for the victim, and has been thus delightfully translated : "

" The Bee's Dream

" * Night will quickly pass, fair will be the dawn ; the sun will rise in beauty, and the glorious lilies will unfold themselves.' While a bee sleeping in a flower thus dreamed, came, alas ! an elephant and crushed it as it lay."

One could go on indefinitely culling allusions to the bee from Hindu literature.

Nowhere has it played so constant and so pleasing a part in the poetry of a people.

This, no doubt, is in part owing to the universal presence of the bee throughout the whole of that mysterious and luxuriant country.

Wild bees everywhere in India build their combs and store their honey in the open air, and to-day the honey of the wild bee is gathered and prized as it was in all former times.

To-day honey is used at sacrifices and other domestic ceremonies, and plays an important part at the wedding and at the birth of a child.

"WE HAVE SOME PLANES"

from: *The National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States*
http://govinfo.library.unt.edu/911/report/911Report_Ch1.htm

Tuesday, September 11, 2001, dawned temperate and nearly cloudless in the eastern United States. Millions of men and women readied themselves for work. Some made their way to the Twin Towers, the signature structures of the World Trade Center complex in New York City. Others went to Arlington, Virginia, to the Pentagon. Across the Potomac River, the United States Congress was back in session. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, people began to line up for a White House tour. In Sarasota, Florida, President George W. Bush went for an early morning run.

For those heading to an airport, weather conditions could not have been better for a safe and pleasant journey. Among the travelers were Mohamed Atta and Abdul Aziz al Omari, who arrived at the airport in Portland, Maine.

1.1 INSIDE THE FOUR FLIGHTS

Boarding the Flights

Boston: American 11 and United 175. Atta and Omari boarded a 6:00 A.M. flight from Portland to Boston's Logan International Airport.¹

When he checked in for his flight to Boston, Atta was selected by a computerized prescreening system known as CAPPs (Computer Assisted Passenger Prescreening System), created to identify passengers who should be subject to special security measures. Under security rules in place at the time, the only consequence of Atta's selection by CAPPs was that his checked bags were held off the plane until it was confirmed that he had boarded the aircraft. This did not hinder Atta's plans. ²

Atta and Omari arrived in Boston at 6:45. Seven minutes later, Atta apparently took a call from Marwan al Shehhi, a longtime colleague who was at another terminal at Logan Airport. They spoke for three minutes.³ It would be their final conversation.

Between 6:45 and 7:40, Atta and Omari, along with Satam al Suqami, Wail al Shehri, and Waleed al Shehri, checked in and boarded American Airlines Flight 11, bound for Los Angeles. The flight was scheduled to depart at 7:45.⁴

In another Logan terminal, Shehhi, joined by Fayed Banihammad, Mohand al Shehri, Ahmed al Ghamdi, and Hamza al Ghamdi, checked in for United Airlines Flight 175, also bound for Los Angeles. A couple of Shehhi's colleagues were obviously unused to travel; according to the United ticket agent, they had trouble understanding the standard security questions, and she had to go over them slowly until they gave the routine, reassuring answers.⁵ Their flight was scheduled to depart at 8:00.

The security checkpoints through which passengers, including Atta and his colleagues, gained access to the American 11 gate were operated by Globe Security under a contract with American Airlines. In a different terminal, the single checkpoint through which passengers for United 175 passed was controlled by United Airlines, which had contracted with Huntleigh USA to perform the screening.⁶

In passing through these checkpoints, each of the hijackers would have been screened by a walk-through metal detector calibrated to detect items with at least the metal content of a .22-caliber

handgun. Anyone who might have set off that detector would have been screened with a hand wand-a procedure requiring the screener to identify the metal item or items that caused the alarm. In addition, an X-ray machine would have screened the hijackers' carry-on belongings. The screening was in place to identify and confiscate weapons and other items prohibited from being carried onto a commercial flight.⁷ None of the checkpoint supervisors recalled the hijackers or reported anything suspicious regarding their screening.⁸

While Atta had been selected by CAPPs in Portland, three members of his hijacking team-Suqami, Wail al Shehri, and Waleed al Shehri-were selected in Boston. Their selection affected only the handling of their checked bags, not their screening at the checkpoint. All five men cleared the checkpoint and made their way to the gate for American 11. Atta, Omari, and Suqami took their seats in business class (seats 8D, 8G, and 10B, respectively). The Shehri brothers had adjacent seats in row 2 (Wail in 2A, Waleed in 2B), in the first-class cabin. They boarded American 11 between 7:31 and 7:40. The aircraft pushed back from the gate at 7:40.⁹

Shehhi and his team, none of whom had been selected by CAPPs, boarded United 175 between 7:23 and 7:28 (Banihammad in 2A, Shehri in 2B, Shehhi in 6C, Hamza al Ghamdi in 9C, and Ahmed al Ghamdi in 9D). Their aircraft pushed back from the gate just before 8:00.¹⁰

Washington Dulles: American 77. Hundreds of miles southwest of Boston, at Dulles International Airport in the Virginia suburbs of Washington, D.C., five more men were preparing to take their early morning flight. At 7:15, a pair of them, Khalid al Mihdhar and Majed Moqed, checked in at the American Airlines ticket counter for Flight 77, bound for Los Angeles. Within the next 20 minutes, they would be followed by Hani Hanjour and two brothers, Nawaf al Hazmi and Salem al Hazmi.¹¹

Hani Hanjour, Khalid al Mihdhar, and Majed Moqed were flagged by CAPPs. The Hazmi brothers were also selected for extra scrutiny by the air-line's customer service representative at the check-in counter. He did so because one of the brothers did not have photo identification nor could he understand English, and because the agent found both of the passengers to be suspicious. The only consequence of their selection was that their checked bags were held off the plane until it was confirmed that they had boarded the aircraft.¹²

All five hijackers passed through the Main Terminal's west security screening checkpoint; United Airlines, which was the responsible air carrier, had contracted out the work to Argenbright Security.¹³ The checkpoint featured closed-circuit television that recorded all passengers, including the hijackers, as they were screened. At 7:18, Mihdhar and Moqed entered the security checkpoint.

Mihdhar and Moqed placed their carry-on bags on the belt of the X-ray machine and proceeded through the first metal detector. Both set off the alarm, and they were directed to a second metal detector. Mihdhar did not trigger the alarm and was permitted through the checkpoint. After Moqed set it off, a screener wanded him. He passed this inspection.¹⁴

About 20 minutes later, at 7:35, another passenger for Flight 77, Hani Han-jour, placed two carry-on bags on the X-ray belt in the Main Terminal's west checkpoint, and proceeded, without alarm, through the metal detector. A short time later, Nawaf and Salem al Hazmi entered the same checkpoint. Salem al Hazmi cleared the metal detector and was permitted through; Nawaf al Hazmi set off the alarms for both the first and second metal detectors and was then hand-wanded before being passed. In addition,

his over-the-shoulder carry-on bag was swiped by an explosive trace detector and then passed. The video footage indicates that he was carrying an unidentified item in his back pocket, clipped to its rim.¹⁵

When the local civil aviation security office of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) later investigated these security screening operations, the screeners recalled nothing out of the ordinary. They could not recall that any of the passengers they screened were CAPPS selectees. We asked a screening expert to review the videotape of the hand-wanding, and he found the quality of the screener's work to have been "marginal at best." The screener should have "resolved" what set off the alarm; and in the case of both Moqed and Hazmi, it was clear that he did not.¹⁶

At 7:50, Majed Moqed and Khalid al Mihdhar boarded the flight and were seated in 12A and 12B in coach. Hani Hanjour, assigned to seat 1B (first class), soon followed. The Hazmi brothers, sitting in 5E and 5F, joined Hanjour in the first-class cabin.¹⁷

Newark: United 93. Between 7:03 and 7:39, Saeed al Ghamdi, Ahmed al Nami, Ahmad al Haznawi, and Ziad Jarrah checked in at the United Airlines ticket counter for Flight 93, going to Los Angeles. Two checked bags; two did not. Haznawi was selected by CAPPS. His checked bag was screened for explosives and then loaded on the plane.¹⁸

The four men passed through the security checkpoint, owned by United Airlines and operated under contract by Argenbright Security. Like the checkpoints in Boston, it lacked closed-circuit television surveillance so there is no documentary evidence to indicate when the hijackers passed through the checkpoint, what alarms may have been triggered, or what security procedures were administered. The FAA interviewed the screeners later; none recalled anything unusual or suspicious.¹⁹

The four men boarded the plane between 7:39 and 7:48. All four had seats in the first-class cabin; their plane had no business-class section. Jarrah was in seat 1B, closest to the cockpit; Nami was in 3C, Ghamdi in 3D, and Haznawi in 6B.²⁰

The 19 men were aboard four transcontinental flights.²¹ They were planning to hijack these planes and turn them into large guided missiles, loaded with up to 11,400 gallons of jet fuel. By 8:00 A.M. on the morning of Tuesday, September 11, 2001, they had defeated all the security layers that America's civil aviation security system then had in place to prevent a hijacking.

The Hijacking of American 11

American Airlines Flight 11 provided nonstop service from Boston to Los Angeles. On September 11, Captain John Ogonowski and First Officer Thomas McGuinness piloted the Boeing 767. It carried its full capacity of nine flight attendants. Eighty-one passengers boarded the flight with them (including the five terrorists).²²

The plane took off at 7:59. Just before 8:14, it had climbed to 26,000 feet, not quite its initial assigned cruising altitude of 29,000 feet. All communications and flight profile data were normal. About this time the "Fasten Seatbelt" sign would usually have been turned off and the flight attendants would have begun preparing for cabin service.²³

At that same time, American 11 had its last routine communication with the ground when it acknowledged navigational instructions from the FAA's air traffic control (ATC) center in Boston. Sixteen seconds after that transmission, ATC instructed the aircraft's pilots to climb to 35,000 feet. That

message and all subsequent attempts to contact the flight were not acknowledged. From this and other evidence, we believe the hijacking began at 8:14 or shortly thereafter.²⁴

Reports from two flight attendants in the coach cabin, Betty Ong and Madeline "Amy" Sweeney, tell us most of what we know about how the hijacking happened. As it began, some of the hijackers-most likely Wail al Shehri and Waleed al Shehri, who were seated in row 2 in first class-stabbed the two unarmed flight attendants who would have been preparing for cabin service.²⁵

We do not know exactly how the hijackers gained access to the cockpit; FAA rules required that the doors remain closed and locked during flight. Ong speculated that they had "jammed their way" in. Perhaps the terrorists stabbed the flight attendants to get a cockpit key, to force one of them to open the cockpit door, or to lure the captain or first officer out of the cockpit. Or the flight attendants may just have been in their way.²⁶

At the same time or shortly thereafter, Atta-the only terrorist on board trained to fly a jet-would have moved to the cockpit from his business-class seat, possibly accompanied by Omari. As this was happening, passenger Daniel Lewin, who was seated in the row just behind Atta and Omari, was stabbed by one of the hijackers-probably Satam al Suqami, who was seated directly behind Lewin. Lewin had served four years as an officer in the Israeli military. He may have made an attempt to stop the hijackers in front of him, not realizing that another was sitting behind him.²⁷

The hijackers quickly gained control and sprayed Mace, pepper spray, or some other irritant in the first-class cabin, in order to force the passengers and flight attendants toward the rear of the plane. They claimed they had a bomb.²⁸

About five minutes after the hijacking began, Betty Ong contacted the American Airlines Southeastern Reservations Office in Cary, North Carolina, via an AT&T airphone to report an emergency aboard the flight. This was the first of several occasions on 9/11 when flight attendants took action outside the scope of their training, which emphasized that in a hijacking, they were to communicate with the cockpit crew. The emergency call lasted approximately 25 minutes, as Ong calmly and professionally relayed information about events taking place aboard the airplane to authorities on the ground.²⁹

At 8:19, Ong reported: "The cockpit is not answering, somebody's stabbed in business class-and I think there's Mace-that we can't breathe-I don't know, I think we're getting hijacked." She then told of the stabbings of the two flight attendants.³⁰

At 8:21, one of the American employees receiving Ong's call in North Carolina, Nydia Gonzalez, alerted the American Airlines operations center in Fort Worth, Texas, reaching Craig Marquis, the manager on duty. Marquis soon realized this was an emergency and instructed the airline's dispatcher responsible for the flight to contact the cockpit. At 8:23, the dispatcher tried unsuccessfully to contact the aircraft. Six minutes later, the air traffic control specialist in American's operations center contacted the FAA's Boston Air Traffic Control Center about the flight. The center was already aware of the problem.³¹

Boston Center knew of a problem on the flight in part because just before 8:25 the hijackers had attempted to communicate with the passengers. The microphone was keyed, and immediately one of the hijackers said, "Nobody move. Everything will be okay. If you try to make any moves, you'll endanger yourself and the airplane. Just stay quiet." Air traffic controllers heard the transmission; Ong did not. The hijackers probably did not know how to operate the cockpit radio communication system correctly,

and thus inadvertently broadcast their message over the air traffic control channel instead of the cabin public-address channel. Also at 8:25, and again at 8:29, Amy Sweeney got through to the American Flight Services Office in Boston but was cut off after she reported someone was hurt aboard the flight. Three minutes later, Sweeney was reconnected to the office and began relaying updates to the manager, Michael Woodward.³²

At 8:26, Ong reported that the plane was "flying erratically." A minute later, Flight 11 turned south. American also began getting identifications of the hijackers, as Ong and then Sweeney passed on some of the seat numbers of those who had gained unauthorized access to the cockpit.³³

Sweeney calmly reported on her line that the plane had been hijacked; a man in first class had his throat slashed; two flight attendants had been stabbed—one was seriously hurt and was on oxygen while the other's wounds seemed minor; a doctor had been requested; the flight attendants were unable to contact the cockpit; and there was a bomb in the cockpit. Sweeney told Woodward that she and Ong were trying to relay as much information as they could to people on the ground.³⁴

At 8:38, Ong told Gonzalez that the plane was flying erratically again. Around this time Sweeney told Woodward that the hijackers were Middle Easterners, naming three of their seat numbers. One spoke very little English and one spoke excellent English. The hijackers had gained entry to the cockpit, and she did not know how. The aircraft was in a rapid descent.³⁵

At 8:41, Sweeney told Woodward that passengers in coach were under the impression that there was a routine medical emergency in first class. Other flight attendants were busy at duties such as getting medical supplies while Ong and Sweeney were reporting the events.³⁶

At 8:41, in American's operations center, a colleague told Marquis that the air traffic controllers declared Flight 11 a hijacking and "think he's [American 11] headed toward Kennedy [airport in New York City]. They're moving everybody out of the way. They seem to have him on a primary radar. They seem to think that he is descending."³⁷

At 8:44, Gonzalez reported losing phone contact with Ong. About this same time Sweeney reported to Woodward, "Something is wrong. We are in a rapid descent . . . we are all over the place." Woodward asked Sweeney to look out the window to see if she could determine where they were. Sweeney responded: "We are flying low. We are flying very, very low. We are flying way too low." Seconds later she said, "Oh my God we are way too low." The phone call ended.³⁸

At 8:46:40, American 11 crashed into the North Tower of the World Trade Center in New York City.³⁹ All on board, along with an unknown number of people in the tower, were killed instantly.

The Hijacking of United 175

United Airlines Flight 175 was scheduled to depart for Los Angeles at 8:00. Captain Victor Saracini and First Officer Michael Horrocks piloted the Boeing 767, which had seven flight attendants. Fifty-six passengers boarded the flight.⁴⁰

United 175 pushed back from its gate at 7:58 and departed Logan Airport at 8:14. By 8:33, it had reached its assigned cruising altitude of 31,000 feet. The flight attendants would have begun their cabin service.⁴¹

The flight had taken off just as American 11 was being hijacked, and at 8:42 the United 175 flight crew completed their report on a "suspicious transmission" overheard from another plane (which turned out to have been Flight 11) just after takeoff. This was United 175's last communication with the ground.⁴²

The hijackers attacked sometime between 8:42 and 8:46. They used knives (as reported by two passengers and a flight attendant), Mace (reported by one passenger), and the threat of a bomb (reported by the same passenger). They stabbed members of the flight crew (reported by a flight attendant and one passenger). Both pilots had been killed (reported by one flight attendant). The eyewitness accounts came from calls made from the rear of the plane, from passengers originally seated further forward in the cabin, a sign that passengers and perhaps crew had been moved to the back of the aircraft. Given similarities to American 11 in hijacker seating and in eyewitness reports of tactics and weapons, as well as the contact between the presumed team leaders, Atta and Shehhi, we believe the tactics were similar on both flights.⁴³

The first operational evidence that something was abnormal on United 175 came at 8:47, when the aircraft changed beacon codes twice within a minute. At 8:51, the flight deviated from its assigned altitude, and a minute later New York air traffic controllers began repeatedly and unsuccessfully trying to contact it.⁴⁴

At 8:52, in Easton, Connecticut, a man named Lee Hanson received a phone call from his son Peter, a passenger on United 175. His son told him: "I think they've taken over the cockpit-An attendant has been stabbed- and someone else up front may have been killed. The plane is making strange moves. Call United Airlines-Tell them it's Flight 175, Boston to LA." Lee Hanson then called the Easton Police Department and relayed what he had heard.⁴⁵

Also at 8:52, a male flight attendant called a United office in San Francisco, reaching Marc Policastro. The flight attendant reported that the flight had been hijacked, both pilots had been killed, a flight attendant had been stabbed, and the hijackers were probably flying the plane. The call lasted about two minutes, after which Policastro and a colleague tried unsuccessfully to contact the flight.⁴⁶

At 8:58, the flight took a heading toward New York City.⁴⁷

At 8:59, Flight 175 passenger Brian David Sweeney tried to call his wife, Julie. He left a message on their home answering machine that the plane had been hijacked. He then called his mother, Louise Sweeney, told her the flight had been hijacked, and added that the passengers were thinking about storming the cockpit to take control of the plane away from the hijackers.⁴⁸

At 9:00, Lee Hanson received a second call from his son Peter:

It's getting bad, Dad-A stewardess was stabbed-They seem to have knives and Mace-They said they have a bomb-It's getting very bad on the plane-Passengers are throwing up and getting sick-The plane is making jerky movements-I don't think the pilot is flying the plane-I think we are going down-I think they intend to go to Chicago or someplace and fly into a building-Don't worry, Dad- If it happens, it'll be very fast-My God, my God.⁴⁹

The call ended abruptly. Lee Hanson had heard a woman scream just before it cut off. He turned on a television, and in her home so did Louise Sweeney. Both then saw the second aircraft hit the World Trade Center.⁵⁰

At 9:03:11, United Airlines Flight 175 struck the South Tower of the World Trade Center.⁵¹ All on board, along with an unknown number of people in the tower, were killed instantly.

The Hijacking of American 77

American Airlines Flight 77 was scheduled to depart from Washington Dulles for Los Angeles at 8:10. The aircraft was a Boeing 757 piloted by Captain Charles F. Burlingame and First Officer David Charlebois. There were four flight attendants. On September 11, the flight carried 58 passengers.⁵²

American 77 pushed back from its gate at 8:09 and took off at 8:20. At 8:46, the flight reached its assigned cruising altitude of 35,000 feet. Cabin service would have begun. At 8:51, American 77 transmitted its last routine radio communication. The hijacking began between 8:51 and 8:54. As on American 11 and United 175, the hijackers used knives (reported by one passenger) and moved all the passengers (and possibly crew) to the rear of the aircraft (reported by one flight attendant and one passenger). Unlike the earlier flights, the Flight 77 hijackers were reported by a passenger to have box cutters. Finally, a passenger reported that an announcement had been made by the "pilot" that the plane had been hijacked. Neither of the firsthand accounts mentioned any stabbings or the threat or use of either a bomb or Mace, though both witnesses began the flight in the first-class cabin.⁵³

At 8:54, the aircraft deviated from its assigned course, turning south. Two minutes later the transponder was turned off and even primary radar contact with the aircraft was lost. The Indianapolis Air Traffic Control Center repeatedly tried and failed to contact the aircraft. American Airlines dispatchers also tried, without success.⁵⁴

At 9:00, American Airlines Executive Vice President Gerard Arpey learned that communications had been lost with American 77. This was now the second American aircraft in trouble. He ordered all American Airlines flights in the Northeast that had not taken off to remain on the ground. Shortly before 9:10, suspecting that American 77 had been hijacked, American headquarters concluded that the second aircraft to hit the World Trade Center might have been Flight 77. After learning that United Airlines was missing a plane, American Airlines headquarters extended the ground stop nationwide.⁵⁵

At 9:12, Renee May called her mother, Nancy May, in Las Vegas. She said her flight was being hijacked by six individuals who had moved them to the rear of the plane. She asked her mother to alert American Airlines. Nancy May and her husband promptly did so.⁵⁶

At some point between 9:16 and 9:26, Barbara Olson called her husband, Ted Olson, the solicitor general of the United States. She reported that the flight had been hijacked, and the hijackers had knives and box cutters. She further indicated that the hijackers were not aware of her phone call, and that they had put all the passengers in the back of the plane. About a minute into the conversation, the call was cut off. Solicitor General Olson tried unsuccessfully to reach Attorney General John Ashcroft.⁵⁷

Shortly after the first call, Barbara Olson reached her husband again. She reported that the pilot had announced that the flight had been hijacked, and she asked her husband what she should tell the captain to do. Ted Olson asked for her location and she replied that the aircraft was then flying over houses. Another passenger told her they were traveling northeast. The Solicitor General then informed his wife of the two previous hijackings and crashes. She did not display signs of panic and did not indicate any awareness of an impending crash. At that point, the second call was cut off.⁵⁸

At 9:29, the autopilot on American 77 was disengaged; the aircraft was at 7,000 feet and approximately 38 miles west of the Pentagon.⁵⁹ At 9:32, controllers at the Dulles Terminal Radar Approach Control "observed a primary radar target tracking eastbound at a high rate of speed." This was later determined to have been Flight 77.

At 9:34, Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport advised the Secret Service of an unknown aircraft heading in the direction of the White House. American 77 was then 5 miles west-southwest of the Pentagon and began a 330-degree turn. At the end of the turn, it was descending through 2,200 feet, pointed toward the Pentagon and downtown Washington. The hijacker pilot then advanced the throttles to maximum power and dove toward the Pentagon.⁶⁰

At 9:37:46, American Airlines Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon, traveling at approximately 530 miles per hour.⁶¹ All on board, as well as many civilian and military personnel in the building, were killed.

The Battle for United 93

At 8:42, United Airlines Flight 93 took off from Newark (New Jersey) Liberty International Airport bound for San Francisco. The aircraft was piloted by Captain Jason Dahl and First Officer Leroy Homer, and there were five flight attendants. Thirty-seven passengers, including the hijackers, boarded the plane. Scheduled to depart the gate at 8:00, the Boeing 757's takeoff was delayed because of the airport's typically heavy morning traffic.⁶²

The hijackers had planned to take flights scheduled to depart at 7:45 (American 11), 8:00 (United 175 and United 93), and 8:10 (American 77). Three of the flights had actually taken off within 10 to 15 minutes of their planned departure times. United 93 would ordinarily have taken off about 15 minutes after pulling away from the gate. When it left the ground at 8:42, the flight was running more than 25 minutes late.⁶³

As United 93 left Newark, the flight's crew members were unaware of the hijacking of American 11. Around 9:00, the FAA, American, and United were facing the staggering realization of apparent multiple hijackings. At 9:03, they would see another aircraft strike the World Trade Center. Crisis managers at the FAA and the airlines did not yet act to warn other aircraft.⁶⁴ At the same time, Boston Center realized that a message transmitted just before 8:25 by the hijacker pilot of American 11 included the phrase, "We have some planes."⁶⁵

No one at the FAA or the airlines that day had ever dealt with multiple hijackings. Such a plot had not been carried out anywhere in the world in more than 30 years, and never in the United States. As news of the hijackings filtered through the FAA and the airlines, it does not seem to have occurred to their leadership that they needed to alert other aircraft in the air that they too might be at risk.⁶⁶

United 175 was hijacked between 8:42 and 8:46, and awareness of that hijacking began to spread after 8:51. American 77 was hijacked between 8:51 and 8:54. By 9:00, FAA and airline officials began to comprehend that attackers were going after multiple aircraft. American Airlines' nationwide ground stop between 9:05 and 9:10 was followed by a United Airlines ground stop. FAA controllers at Boston Center, which had tracked the first two hijackings, requested at 9:07 that Herndon Command Center "get messages to airborne aircraft to increase security for the cockpit." There is no evidence that Herndon took such action. Boston Center immediately began speculating about other aircraft that might be in danger, leading them to worry about a transcontinental flight-Delta 1989-that in fact was not

hijacked. At 9:19, the FAA's New England regional office called Herndon and asked that Cleveland Center advise Delta 1989 to use extra cockpit security.⁶⁷

Several FAA air traffic control officials told us it was the air carriers' responsibility to notify their planes of security problems. One senior FAA air traffic control manager said that it was simply not the FAA's place to order the airlines what to tell their pilots.⁶⁸ We believe such statements do not reflect an adequate appreciation of the FAA's responsibility for the safety and security of civil aviation.

The airlines bore responsibility, too. They were facing an escalating number of conflicting and, for the most part, erroneous reports about other flights, as well as a continuing lack of vital information from the FAA about the hijacked flights. We found no evidence, however, that American Airlines sent any cockpit warnings to its aircraft on 9/11. United's first decisive action to notify its airborne aircraft to take defensive action did not come until 9:19, when a United flight dispatcher, Ed Ballinger, took the initiative to begin transmitting warnings to his 16 transcontinental flights: "Beware any cockpit intrusion- Two a/c [aircraft] hit World Trade Center." One of the flights that received the warning was United 93. Because Ballinger was still responsible for his other flights as well as Flight 175, his warning message was not transmitted to Flight 93 until 9:23.⁶⁹

By all accounts, the first 46 minutes of Flight 93's cross-country trip proceeded routinely. Radio communications from the plane were normal. Heading, speed, and altitude ran according to plan. At 9:24, Ballinger's warning to United 93 was received in the cockpit. Within two minutes, at 9:26, the pilot, Jason Dahl, responded with a note of puzzlement: "Ed, confirm latest mssg plz-Jason."⁷⁰

The hijackers attacked at 9:28. While traveling 35,000 feet above eastern Ohio, United 93 suddenly dropped 700 feet. Eleven seconds into the descent, the FAA's air traffic control center in Cleveland received the first of two radio transmissions from the aircraft. During the first broadcast, the captain or first officer could be heard declaring "Mayday" amid the sounds of a physical struggle in the cockpit. The second radio transmission, 35 seconds later, indicated that the fight was continuing. The captain or first officer could be heard shouting: "Hey get out of here-get out of here-get out of here."⁷¹

On the morning of 9/11, there were only 37 passengers on United 93-33 in addition to the 4 hijackers. This was below the norm for Tuesday mornings during the summer of 2001. But there is no evidence that the hijackers manipulated passenger levels or purchased additional seats to facilitate their operation.⁷²

The terrorists who hijacked three other commercial flights on 9/11 operated in five-man teams. They initiated their cockpit takeover within 30 minutes of takeoff. On Flight 93, however, the takeover took place 46 minutes after takeoff and there were only four hijackers. The operative likely intended to round out the team for this flight, Mohamed al Kahtani, had been refused entry by a suspicious immigration inspector at Florida's Orlando International Airport in August.⁷³

Because several passengers on United 93 described three hijackers on the plane, not four, some have wondered whether one of the hijackers had been able to use the cockpit jump seat from the outset of the flight. FAA rules allow use of this seat by documented and approved individuals, usually air carrier or FAA personnel. We have found no evidence indicating that one of the hijackers, or anyone else, sat there on this flight. All the hijackers had assigned seats in first class, and they seem to have used them. We believe it is more likely that Jarrah, the crucial pilot-trained member of their team, remained seated

and inconspicuous until after the cockpit was seized; and once inside, he would not have been visible to the passengers.⁷⁴

At 9:32, a hijacker, probably Jarrah, made or attempted to make the following announcement to the passengers of Flight 93: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Here the captain, please sit down keep remaining sitting. We have a bomb on board. So, sit." The flight data recorder (also recovered) indicates that Jarrah then instructed the plane's autopilot to turn the aircraft around and head east.⁷⁵

The cockpit voice recorder data indicate that a woman, most likely a flight attendant, was being held captive in the cockpit. She struggled with one of the hijackers who killed or otherwise silenced her.⁷⁶

Shortly thereafter, the passengers and flight crew began a series of calls from GTE airphones and cellular phones. These calls between family, friends, and colleagues took place until the end of the flight and provided those on the ground with firsthand accounts. They enabled the passengers to gain critical information, including the news that two aircraft had slammed into the World Trade Center.⁷⁷

At 9:39, the FAA's Cleveland Air Route Traffic Control Center overheard a second announcement indicating that there was a bomb on board, that the plane was returning to the airport, and that they should remain seated.⁷⁸ While it apparently was not heard by the passengers, this announcement, like those on Flight 11 and Flight 77, was intended to deceive them. Jarrah, like Atta earlier, may have inadvertently broadcast the message because he did not know how to operate the radio and the intercom. To our knowledge none of them had ever flown an actual airliner before.

At least two callers from the flight reported that the hijackers knew that passengers were making calls but did not seem to care. It is quite possible Jarrah knew of the success of the assault on the World Trade Center. He could have learned of this from messages being sent by United Airlines to the cockpits of its transcontinental flights, including Flight 93, warning of cockpit intrusion and telling of the New York attacks. But even without them, he would certainly have understood that the attacks on the World Trade Center would already have unfolded, given Flight 93's tardy departure from Newark. If Jarrah did know that the passengers were making calls, it might not have occurred to him that they were certain to learn what had happened in New York, thereby defeating his attempts at deception.⁷⁹

At least ten passengers and two crew members shared vital information with family, friends, colleagues, or others on the ground. All understood the plane had been hijacked. They said the hijackers wielded knives and claimed to have a bomb. The hijackers were wearing red bandanas, and they forced the passengers to the back of the aircraft.⁸⁰

Callers reported that a passenger had been stabbed and that two people were lying on the floor of the cabin, injured or dead-possibly the captain and first officer. One caller reported that a flight attendant had been killed.⁸¹

One of the callers from United 93 also reported that he thought the hijackers might possess a gun. But none of the other callers reported the presence of a firearm. One recipient of a call from the aircraft recounted specifically asking her caller whether the hijackers had guns. The passenger replied that he did not see one. No evidence of firearms or of their identifiable remains was found at the aircraft's crash site, and the cockpit voice recorder gives no indication of a gun being fired or mentioned at any time. We believe that if the hijackers had possessed a gun, they would have used it in the flight's last minutes as the passengers fought back.⁸²

Passengers on three flights reported the hijackers' claim of having a bomb. The FBI told us they found no trace of explosives at the crash sites. One of the passengers who mentioned a bomb expressed his belief that it was not real. Lacking any evidence that the hijackers attempted to smuggle such illegal items past the security screening checkpoints, we believe the bombs were probably fake.⁸³

During at least five of the passengers' phone calls, information was shared about the attacks that had occurred earlier that morning at the World Trade Center. Five calls described the intent of passengers and surviving crew members to revolt against the hijackers. According to one call, they voted on whether to rush the terrorists in an attempt to retake the plane. They decided, and acted.⁸⁴

At 9:57, the passenger assault began. Several passengers had terminated phone calls with loved ones in order to join the revolt. One of the callers ended her message as follows: "Everyone's running up to first class. I've got to go. Bye."⁸⁵

The cockpit voice recorder captured the sounds of the passenger assault muffled by the intervening cockpit door. Some family members who listened to the recording report that they can hear the voice of a loved one among the din. We cannot identify whose voices can be heard. But the assault was sustained.⁸⁶

In response, Jarrah immediately began to roll the airplane to the left and right, attempting to knock the passengers off balance. At 9:58:57, Jarrah told another hijacker in the cockpit to block the door. Jarrah continued to roll the airplane sharply left and right, but the assault continued. At 9:59:52, Jarrah changed tactics and pitched the nose of the airplane up and down to disrupt the assault. The recorder captured the sounds of loud thumps, crashes, shouts, and breaking glasses and plates. At 10:00:03, Jarrah stabilized the airplane.⁸⁷

Five seconds later, Jarrah asked, "Is that it? Shall we finish it off?" A hijacker responded, "No. Not yet. When they all come, we finish it off." The sounds of fighting continued outside the cockpit. Again, Jarrah pitched the nose of the aircraft up and down. At 10:00:26, a passenger in the background said, "In the cockpit. If we don't we'll die!" Sixteen seconds later, a passenger yelled, "Roll it!" Jarrah stopped the violent maneuvers at about 10:01:00 and said, "Allah is the greatest! Allah is the greatest!" He then asked another hijacker in the cockpit, "Is that it? I mean, shall we put it down?" to which the other replied, "Yes, put it in it, and pull it down."⁸⁸

The passengers continued their assault and at 10:02:23, a hijacker said, "Pull it down! Pull it down!" The hijackers remained at the controls but must have judged that the passengers were only seconds from overcoming them. The airplane headed down; the control wheel was turned hard to the right. The airplane rolled onto its back, and one of the hijackers began shouting "Allah is the greatest. Allah is the greatest." With the sounds of the passenger counterattack continuing, the aircraft plowed into an empty field in Shanksville, Pennsylvania, at 580 miles per hour, about 20 minutes' flying time from Washington, D.C.⁸⁹

Jarrah's objective was to crash his airliner into symbols of the American Republic, the Capitol or the White House. He was defeated by the alerted, unarmed passengers of United 93.

Image Sources:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syria#/media/File:Umayyad_Mosque,_Aleppo,_Syria_\(5077865830\).jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syria#/media/File:Umayyad_Mosque,_Aleppo,_Syria_(5077865830).jpg)

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Syrien_1961_Aleppol_1.jpg

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Arabian_horse#/media/File:Hector.jpg

<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/26346/26346-h/images/img-150.jpg>

[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Harrison#/media/File:Benjamin_Harrison_\(official_Presidential_portrait,_1895\).jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Harrison#/media/File:Benjamin_Harrison_(official_Presidential_portrait,_1895).jpg)

https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/8/8c/Tyuonyi_Pueblo_Ruins.JPG/640px-Tyuonyi_Pueblo_Ruins.JPG

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Category:William_Sulzer#/media/File:William_Sulzer_1911.jpg

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Category:Paul_Lafargue#/media/File:Lagargue_1871.jpg

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Category:Lake_Erie#/media/File:Steamship_General_Anthony_Wayne.jpg

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Louise_Imogen_Guiney_001.jpg

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_Attack_of_Bees,_Folio_from_a_Madhupalati-varta_series_LACMA_M.86.345.9.jpg